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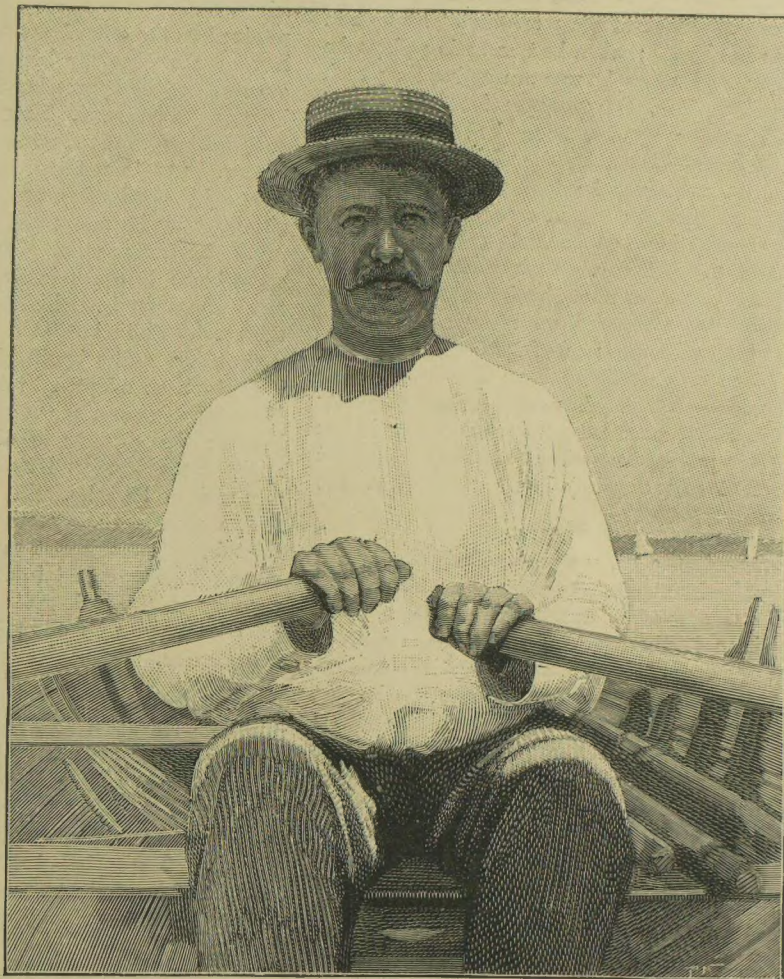
SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1894.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

MR. JABEZ SPENCER BALFOUR, LATE OF THE "LIBERATOR" COMPANY.



MR. RONALD BRIDGETT, BRITISH CONSUL AT BUENOS AYRES.



COMMISSARY OF POLICE AND ESCORT, ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION.

THE ARREST OF MR. JABEZ SPENCER BALFOUR IN ARGENTINA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In an interesting article upon the "bubble reputation" with respect to literature, the *Spectator* makes the very just observation that the craving for fame very often varies almost inversely with the gifts which enable a man to gain it; but adds the amazing statement that "even in the case of men of the greatest genius it varies inversely with the intensity and activity of the powers by which they have acquired it." Dickens is quoted as having "passionately tried to galvanise his popularity into new life, as his genius declined, by his dramatic readings." Dickens's popularity never declined, but one would say culminated at the very last, had it not risen to a greater height since his decease; and if it had declined he would have been the very last man to have been conscious of it. The intense interest he took in his "readings" he took in everything else that he did; when he was acting plays he was just as eager, and when he was concocting the punch of which he drank so little. For years previous to the period of which the *Spectator* speaks, fame had become the ordinary atmosphere of his existence, and had long ceased to affect him. In whatever he took in hand he was ambitious, and the desire to excel in a new department no doubt fired his imagination, but he had certainly no feeling of failure in the old one. With such an immense reserve of popularity to draw upon, beginning from almost the day he first set pen to paper, it would have been strange indeed if it had been otherwise; nor in other great writers with whom I have been acquainted have I seen any trace of this fever for fame after they have once gained it. They do not despise it, and to some extent even appreciate it, but the failure of their productive power (which they are not generally the first to recognise) in no way affects the matter.

The controversy in the *Times* as to which is the longest word in the English language has produced some very fine specimens without absolutely settling the matter. Some of them, it has been justly observed, have been "made in Germany," and others are the result of artificial combination. As a general rule, the writers who use the longest words are the least worth reading, and the same observation applies to our orators. When a gentleman uses "the present occasion" instead of "now," and talks of the "general consensus of opinion," we know that he has very little to say worth our attention. We have long-winded divines in plenty, but not such sesquipedalian ones as in old times. Some preachers have actually plumed themselves on using words not "understood of the people." In the seventeenth century, John Hamilton, curate of South Leith, is said to have surpassed all rivals for bombastic language. Preaching one day to a congregation of sailors, artisans, and small tradespeople, from the text, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself," he commenced as follows: "I shall not nibble at niceties, nor ingeminate prolixities, but with the sword of brevity shall cut the Gordian knot of obscurity, and so proceed to give you the genuine purport of this mellifluous and aromatic subject, calculated allenarly [only] for the meridian of that microcosm, man."

Never was a time, save that of the patriarchs, so infested by centenarians as the present. One cannot open a newspaper but either male or female of this class is boasting of their health and strength, and of the possession of all the faculties for inconveniencing their fellow-creatures. One does not so much mind a person who expatiates upon his ancient lineage; we are not interested in the matter in the least, and privately think him a fool, but his pride is not so offensive, because it is less egotistic. The man who plumes himself on his own antiquity is intolerable. I am, of course, speaking only of the advertising centenarian: there are persons equally old who, though they have every reason to regret the circumstance, say nothing about it. They would be the last people to recommend their fellow-creatures to adopt a course of life—even if they knew what it was—that conduced to their longevity. But the centenarian of the newspapers can talk of no other subject. He remembers nothing more worth noting than the day he left off eating flesh and became a vegetarian, or abstained from his pint of beer at dinner, or gave up his pipe, and thereby laid the foundations of his centenarianism. Mr. Henry Jenkins, who died in 1670, had, we read, an interesting recollection of picking up arrows after the battle of Flodden (in 1513), but these people remember nothing except what they have eaten, drunk, or avoided. The latest example is a New York lady, who has devoted her century to telling her friends that to obtain one for themselves they must abstain from tea, coffee, and matrimony. It is possible, of course, that she may yet become a backslider as regards the two former temptations, but she may be considered pretty safe as to the third. She had, however, a brother, who took to to himself a wife at a hundred and one, which caused him, she thinks, to have been cut off in his bloom! One does not hear whether she has given up smoking, but may conclude this is the case, if ever she did smoke: she appears to have given up every kind of comfort in order to become a hundred years old. Among her friends there is, as usual, some doubt about this achievement. The general practice

of persons of this kind is to be very touchy about their age up to seventy or so—at fifty they are by their own account quite ready to be sacrificed at the hymeneal altar—and then suddenly to reverse their views and become ten years older than they really are. If the matter were thoroughly investigated it would be found that many of our advertising centenarians are but ninety years of age at most.

In "Ghosts Up to Date" in *Blackwood* Mr. Andrew Lang has not so much given his own views upon that interesting subject as rapped on the knuckles the scientific individuals who are of opinion that (as in Mrs. Harris's case) there are "no such persons" as ghosts, and, what is more, that there never have been. Like everything that Mr. Lang writes, the article is both instructive and amusing, but somehow one cannot help thinking that the advocate has taken the wrong side. If he had been retained on the other he would have made such excellent hay of the ghosts, whereas, as it is, one cannot quite escape from the impression that he has set himself to make bricks without straw. There seems to be such a very small halfpennyworth of ghost to such an intolerable amount of theory. (As to wraiths, they are a national affair, and confined to Scotland; one prefers to believe that they are produced by its misty atmosphere, rather than, as some insist, by the peculiar shape of its toddy spoons, which compel one to drink instead of sip.) He places modest folks who differ from him at a disadvantage by the use of the word "Philistine," and by a certain air of intellectual superiority, quite justifiable in his case, but which has hitherto been adopted by his antagonists in the matter. He laughs to scorn the argument that there are no ghosts because the appearance of one has never been of the slightest use to mortal man. Do not many things which are useless, he asks, still exist? Still, it seems curious that a messenger from the other world—who it must at least be granted is not so common as a telegraph boy—should be despatched to us, in cases where there is no urgency, nothing important to be communicated, and (one is sorry to be obliged to add) sometimes with false information.

It is also humiliating to find these supernatural visitants too often addicted to rowdy habits, and taking extraordinary pleasure in playing "post and pair" with the furniture. They did it, it seems, in the time of the ancient Greeks, who believed in them; and perhaps the well-known admiration of Mr. Lang for that people (against whom I should not have a word to say if they had confined themselves to the amusement in question) makes him tolerant of such games. And again, I must say that not only with Philistines, but with persons of considerable intelligence, the idea of a ghost suggests a living spirit, and if there be such, it certainly appears to corroborate the fact of the immortality of the soul. The question the poet puts to Lazarus, "Where wast thou, brother, this four days?" has still an immense interest for unphilosophic persons, and they resent attempts to elucidate it which only result in idiotic messages or horseplay. What Mr. Lang says of the feelings of a daylight philosopher in presence of a gory spectre at midnight is admirably said: he would, of course, be in a most horrible funk, and so should I, and so would be Mr. Lang. All his philosophy and incredulity would exude in a cold perspiration. Yet this does not prove that there are gory spectres, but rather the contrary; for if any person, philosophic or Philistine, knave or fool, did ever behold what he firmly believed to be a being from the world to come, it would make an impression on him no time could erase; whereas the few gentlemen of my acquaintance who, according to their own account, have been favoured with these visitants, are very much "at ease in Zion," and describe their experience in a manner that is very far from carrying conviction either to a sceptical or a reverent mind.

A very good ghost, as ghosts go, has, we read, been "exploded" in Devonshire, where he had dwelt for many months, much respected, not to say feared. His habit was, upon meeting a mortal in his midnight wanderings, to exclaim, "Show me my grave," a really excellent cry for a ghost to go to the country with, after dark, and one which had a quite triumphant effect in several cases; but at last he had the misfortune to meet with an individual too far advanced in liquor to be terrified by any observation, and yet liable to be irritated by egotistic inquiry. The ghost and he fell out, and eventually into a pond, from which the former, divested of all spiritual pretences, fled to his bed, and is still confined to it, from influenza. One is truly sorry for him, for "Show me my grave" is a fine addition to the ghostly vocabulary, and (like "Show me my house," addressed to a policeman) delicately suggests intoxication, which is quite a novelty in the world of spirits.

There is, it seems, to be a servants' trade union. No fair-minded person would wish that a class to whom we are so much indebted for our comfort should not have the same means of protection as other callings; but an unfortunate feature of trade unions is often to keep the advantage solely to one side without much sense of fairness. It is doubtless true that servants are, in many cases, infamously treated; the "slavery" of the lodging-house, and the maid-of-all-work in poor households are shocking

examples of it. It is also true that the mistresses of households in small but fashionable streets pay but little attention to how their servants are lodged. On the other hand, with good mistresses, and where every consideration to the comfort of their domestics is shown, the complaint is almost universal that good servants cannot be got; while the fact that servants prefer to leave after a year or two, for no reason except that they "like a change," and give warning on the slightest provocation, suggests that good places are easy to procure, though not quite as easy, perhaps, as these restless spirits imagine. It is proposed that to give a "character" shall be compulsory, but it will be necessary in this case to protect employers from the consequences of telling the truth. At present, among the upper classes at least, the tendency of employers is to slur over the faults of those they are parting with, to an extent that is quite unjustifiable and very hard upon their own class.

The late triple suicide in Paris is the most dramatic example of self-destruction that has yet been recorded. It is unusual to find two persons agree to leave the world together "by the wicket-gate," but that three persons should do so is unprecedented. The scrupulous honesty with which, in their fallen fortunes, every arrangement for meeting their little debts was made beforehand is most touching: they also paid their rent, but it was the consciousness that they could not do so on the next occasion that seems to have been the chief cause of the catastrophe. A Paris bourgeois, unlike "the finest peasantry in the world," makes it a point of honour to pay his rent. Strangest of all, it struck these unhappy persons that their last dinner ought to be a good one. They had been used to good dinners of old—for they had been very prosperous—and knew how to provide one, with the proper wines to accompany it. The maid-servant (whose wages were put up in a little parcel for her) imagined, says the *Daily News* report of the matter, that the feast was given on account of the engagement of her young mistress, and that "the great hypothesis" to which her master constantly alluded during the banquet was the girl's fiancé. There were plenty of tears, which she put down to the coming parting—the tears of her who leaves her father's roof for that of her husband. The hapless three were in gala costume: the mother in the only handsome gown that yet belonged to her; the daughter in white; the father in evening dress, except his coat, "which he thought would be depreciated in value if taken off a corpse." How anyone in their unhappy condition could have eaten at all, and far less feasted, is amazing; however, they did so, and then, dismissing their servant, sealed up the room to retain the fumes of charcoal in the usual fashion. The dogma of the Faculty that no one has ever committed suicide within an hour of his dinner seems to be here confuted three times over.

In Hungary there are many things which we have not in England, and among them travelling nuns. It is made a great point of piety as well as hospitality by persons of position to entertain them. A host of this kind was lately honoured by a visit from two nuns which lasted several weeks. They were travelling, they said, to collect money for the erection of a convent; just as clergymen in England do not travel indeed, but write for subscriptions for their chancels. All of a sudden these nuns disappeared, carrying away all the portable property they could lay hands on, and it was discovered that they were not nuns at all, nor even females, but brigands. What adds to the indignation of the host is the fact that one of them, in her rôle of Mother Superior, used to kiss his wife every night. His experience is the reverse of that of the host in the Scriptures, who entertained angels unawares.

It is strange, in the recent discussions respecting encouragement given to literature in the way of Stars and Garters that the opinion of Southey upon the subject has not been quoted. We are told in the "Greville Memoirs" that Brougham wrote to him suggesting that the Guelphic order should be given to men of letters, and asking his views upon the matter. Southey's reply was "very courteous, but in a style of suppressed irony and forced politeness": "You, my lord, are now on the Conservative side," was one of the phrases. He proposes "a sort of lay-fellowship; £10,000 would give ten of £500 and twenty-five of £200; but not to reward the meritorious so much as a means of silencing the mischievous. It is evident, however, that he laid no stress on the matter, and only proposed it because he thought he must suggest something. He says that honours might be desirable for scientific men, as they were so considered on the Continent, and Newton and Davy had been titled; but for himself if a Guelphic distinction was adopted he should be a Ghibelline." He adds that all he asked for was a repeal of the Copyright Act (as it then stood), which took from the families of literary men all that they had to give them. "This I ask for," he concluded, "with the earnestness of one who is conscious that he has laboured for posterity." His consciousness of what he was labouring for is characteristic, and, as we may now say, very touching. Posterity is a subject for critics to descant upon, for when they are wrong nobody remembers it; but authors should avoid the dangerous topic.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CAPTURE OF MR. JABEZ BALFOUR.

To the great satisfaction of all who feel any concern for public justice, or compassion for the victims of the "Liberator" and the allied fraudulent building, land, and money-dealing companies, Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour has at length been arrested in South America. This took place at Salto, or in the province of Jujuy, by order of the Government of the Argentine Republic, on the demand of Mr. Bridgett, the British Consul at Buenos Ayres. An officer of the London Detective Police is sent out to take charge of the prisoner and to bring him to England. Inspector Tonbridge, who prepared the case for the Foreign Office, has been selected for this service. We learn that the case of the British Government was arranged last May, when it was understood that the Argentine Government would allow the arrest to be made, though no extradition treaty was then in force. The Treasury warrant authorises the arrest of Balfour as an absconding and fraudulent bankrupt, but it would be within their discretion to offer evidence upon any other charge. In view of the probability that Balfour will exhaust every effort to obtain his release by means of the Argentine laws, the British Consul at Buenos Ayres has been authorised to obtain necessary legal assistance.

VILLA FABBRICOTTI.

Florence would seem to have become the favourite spring resort of Queen Victoria, and the Florentines rejoice at this distinction and are getting ready with ardour once more to welcome within their gates this venerable and illustrious guest. This time the Queen will not reside at Villa Palmieri. When she was here last she was struck with the beauty of the position of Montughi, one of the nearest hilly suburbs of the City of Flowers, and pointed out some villas which she believed would suit her requirements. The difficulty was to find a house large enough to hold the Queen's numerous suite. This difficulty, indeed, has not been solved, but the Villa Fabbriotti, which has been chosen, will accommodate at least the more immediate members of the royal household, while the rest must be lodged in the adjoining villas. Villa Fabbriotti is nearer to Florence than the Villa Palmieri. It lies on the same side of the Arno and on the same spurs of the Apennines, but is approached by another gate, the Ponte Rosso. Passing through this octroi barrier, the pedestrian finds before him three roads. On the right the Via Faentina, the high road to Faenza; in the middle the Via Bolognese, the ancient high road to Bologna; and on the left the new Via Vittorio Emanuele, lined on either side first by modern houses inhabited by poorer persons, then by pretty villas, as the road grows more countrified. On this road stand the ceramic works of Mario Salvini, also an able sculptor, son of the great tragedian Tommaso Salvini, as well as the gardens of the Horticultural Society. Passing these, the railway line to Rome is crossed, and almost immediately after, the Villa Fabbriotti looms to view, rising up, a tall handsome modern pile, from the midst of a forest of cypresses and evergreen oaks. This may be said to be the commencement of the hill of Montughi, which continues from this point to uplift itself gently from above the plains traversed by the classical stream of the Mugnone, until it joins its parent mountain, Monte Rinaldi.

Villa Fabbriotti is exposed to the south, and seems to dominate these rival villas, for it stands on a sharp incline. Restored, enlarged, furnished with modern comfort, it is now an elegant modern house, visible from far and wide owing to its position and the white stone of which it is built. It was known formerly as the Villa of the Ancipressi, and is really one of the oldest constructed on the hill of Montughi, dating from the fourteenth century, when it was owned by the well-known old Florentine family of the Buoninsegni. Finally it was bought by Count Fabbriotti, who restored and enlarged it to its present condition.

So much for the historical associations connected with the villa that her Majesty has selected for her abode.

As we stated above, the Villa Fabbriotti is situated on the saddle of the hill, which has been transformed into a delightful pleasure garden—a park the Italians call it. This is entered by a small iron gate facing the villa, which stands high above it on a series of walled gardens, which form the approach to the house for the pedestrian, while the driver must wind round by an easy incline shaded by rare trees and adorned with gay flowers.

The villa, which is built of white stone, outlined with darker colour, is two-storied, and surmounted by a tower which will be the abode of the Queen's Indian servants—a *belvedere*, as it is called in Italy. The villa faces south, but the carriage entrance is at the side, for the whole south façade is occupied by a glass-enclosed loggia, a

delicious spot in which to take afternoon tea or lounge away an idle hour, watching the sunset or the play of lights in the city below. This is entered from a long room, known as the gallery, which has been set aside for the Queen's reception-room, in the event of a visit from royal personages. Otherwise, the Queen will live entirely on the second floor, which is being prepared for her reception, the furniture for both bed and sitting room being sent out from England, for her Majesty always likes to sleep in the same bed and write at the same table she is used to. The Queen's bed-room is that in the right-hand corner, and is lighted by three windows, two of which open on the right side of the villa. Adjoining the Queen's private rooms are the apartments reserved for Princess Beatrice and for the ladies-in-waiting.

Entering the villa from the left, a vestibule is traversed, whence open the doors of the gallery, and whence also a covered courtyard is approached, which has been transformed into a small sitting-room, furnished in Oriental style. This, under ordinary circumstances, probably serves as a smoking-room. The gallery, or *salone*, as it is called in Italy, occupies the whole front of the house. At present it is furnished in a somewhat loud style, but no doubt the Queen's upholsterers will temper this gaudiness in accordance with her Majesty's taste. Ceilings and walls are decorated with frescoes in tempera painted by a certain Gatti, of no great artistic worth, and adding by their garish colour to the general glare of the room.

On the ground floor is, further, the family dining-room, of carved walnut wood—a very rest to the eye, wearied of the crude colours it meets elsewhere. This will, perhaps, be reserved to Sir Henry Ponsonby's use, while the billiard-room will probably be converted into a bed-room. Everything in the villa is brand-new, from the title of its owner to the furniture of its rooms; and the Queen will find nothing inside the house to compensate for the exquisite

chalk, is one of the most beautiful scenes in the South of England. Many Londoners find their way thither by the Brighton or by the South-Eastern line. They may lunch or dine either at Burford Bridge or at the good old-fashioned White Horse in Dorking. The finest view is from the knoll towards Betchworth, commanding a prospect that extends to Leith Hill and far into Sussex. A rumour that Box Hill is to be sold for the building of villas, and to be no more open for public enjoyment, has aroused much sorrow and eager inquiries—What can be done to save it? This land is part of the Deepdene estate, the well-known residence of the late Mr. Beresford Hope; it belongs to Lord Francis Pelham Clinton Hope, second son of the sixth Duke of Newcastle, for his life, and his Lordship is nearly twenty-eight years of age. The estate was offered for sale last November, and surveyors have lately been employed on Box Hill. There are no common or copyhold rights to the use of the land, but certain pathway rights have been legally claimed, which cannot prevent building. The Duchess of Marlborough has taken a seven years' lease of Deepdene, with the shooting over the whole estate. It is considered that the owners of the property, the life-tenant, and those entitled to the reversion, might possibly be disposed to leave Box Hill in its present condition if substantial pecuniary compensation, for waiving the exercise of their powers to sell or lease for building purposes, or to enclose the ground, could be offered.

FIGHTING IN THE MATABILI WAR.

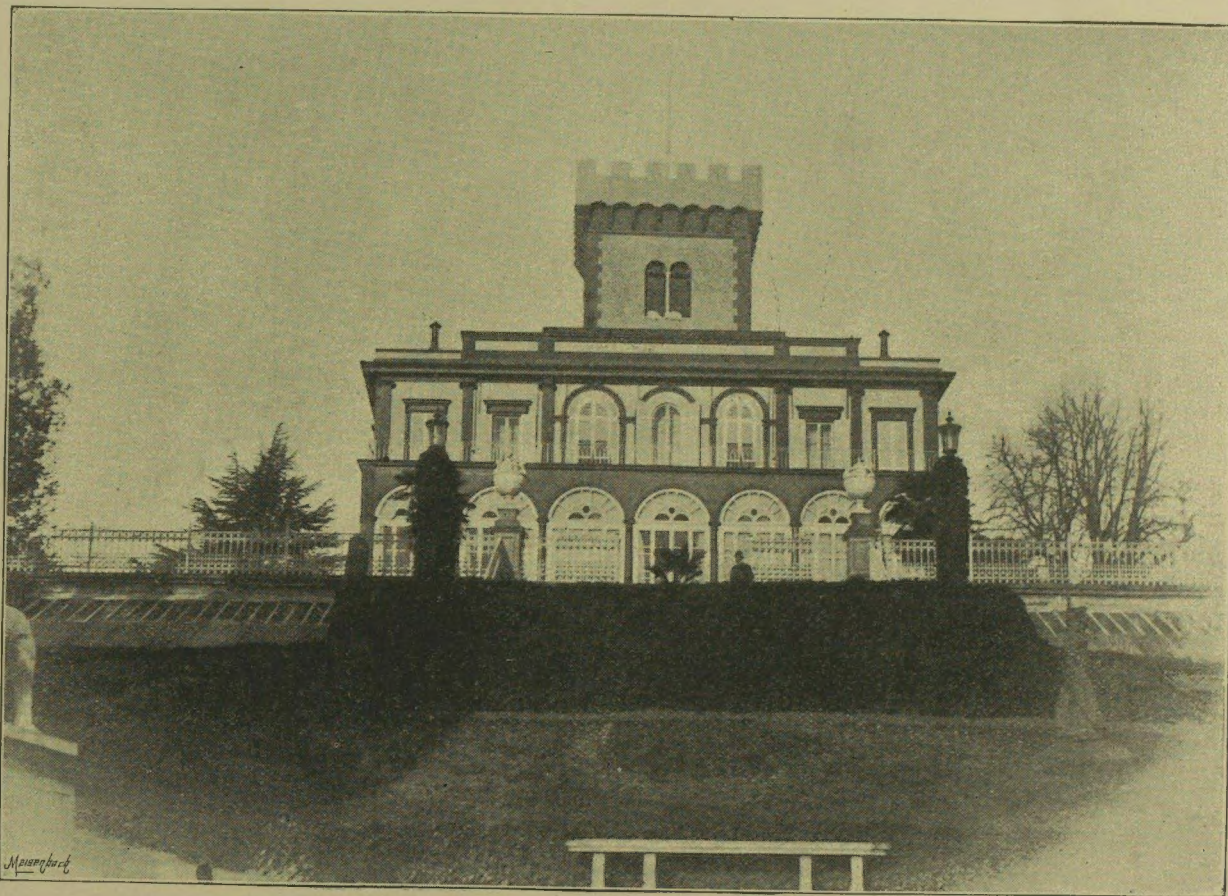
The character of the warfare in which the volunteer troops of the British South Africa Company have been engaged with the "impis," or bands of savage warriors, numbering as many thousands as there were hundreds on the side of the European colonists, must now be well understood. The Matabili people are, in most respects, and particularly

in their use of weapons and fighting tactics, similar to the Zulus under the late King Cetewayo, being indeed a nation of the same race, the most warlike in South Africa. They are skilled in manœuvres on the field of battle, yet know not how to handle effectively the firearms which were in the hands of a portion of Lo Bengula's troops. The aim of their muskets and rifles has rarely proved fatal, though, accidentally, stray shots may have killed or wounded some of the English officers and men. It is only when they manage to get to close quarters that they can employ their short light stabbing-spears, pointed with iron, and their knobbed clubs, scarcely twelve inches long, but striking a blow like that of a hammer on the skull; while they are expert in warding off a sword or bayonet with the handy wooden shield quickly turned to cover any part of the warrior's body. Man for man, they are inferior to most of the Europeans in muscular strength, but they are far more agile and nimble, and are not encumbered with much clothing.

The white man is accustomed, of course, to rely mainly on his rifle and his revolver, which serve him very well at fifty or even twenty yards' distance, so long as he has time for loading and taking aim. But in a hand-to-hand fight, with no wagons to form a rampart, thirty of the bravest men, like the unfortunate Major Allan Wilson and his comrades, surrounded and pressed hard by a countless multitude of foes, could look for no issue but death. Their last stand is said to have been made behind their horses, and they fought as long as they could with desperate persistence, till every one of them was killed.

SKETCHES IN SICILY.

It is to be hoped that the efforts of the Italian Government to restore peace and good order among the Sicilian peasantry in those districts where savage riots and mob outrages have been occasioned by excessive municipal taxation, hitherto inequitably levied by the local authorities of some towns, will be followed by social reforms apparently much needed. Sicily and the southern parts of Italy, formerly under the gross misrule of the Bourbon Kings of Naples, remain in a very backward condition after thirty-three years of annexation to the Kingdom of Italy. In spite of the delicious climate and of a fertile soil, there is as much poverty in the rural districts as ever there was in the West of Ireland, though unseen by tourists who sojourn in the beautiful city of Palermo, or at Messina or Catania, more interested in the scenes of romantic history and the relics of classical art towards Syracuse and Girgenti, or in the grand views of Etna, at the eastern extremity of the island. Palermo, already noticed, is remarkable indeed for its delightful situation rather than for its architectural features, which have much the same character as those of Spanish provincial towns in Andalusia, with a mixture of Saracenic ornament and of Byzantine decorative art, in buildings mainly of the Roman style. Such is the Cathedral of Monreale, erected by one of the Norman Kings of Sicily, William II., near the end of the twelfth century. The streets of Palermo are not imposing, but there is a variety of picturesque figures among the lower classes of the people.



THE VILLA FABBRICOTTI, FLORENCE, WHERE THE QUEEN WILL SOJOURN THIS SPRING.

old pictures and precious works of art harboured by Villa Palmieri. Nor is the garden part as extensive, but it has been arranged that her Majesty's donkey-carriage shall be able to go also into the gardens of the adjoining villas, in order to extend her drive. In these gardens, palms and cacti flourish tall and strong, as well as the cypresses, whence the villa took its ancient name. All will be ready early in March, and gladly will Florence and the Florentines once more greet England's Queen, and salute the royal standard of Great Britain as it waves from the belvedere of Fabbriotti's villa.

THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

The scene delineated by our Artist is not in the Pamir, the wide, elevated, open plateau north of Ghilghit and the Hunza-Nagyr districts on the frontier of Kashmir, where Russian military explorers have lately approached the still debateable land outside of the British Indian and the Chinese Empires. It is among the mountains of Eastern Turkestan, beyond Ferghana, part of the Tian-Shan range, bordering the Chinese province of Kashgar, that a party commanded by one of the officers of the Czar's army, with a military escort, is riding up the steep and rocky pass. Such an expedition, conducted in a most peaceful manner, with the interchange of mutual courtesies between the Russian and Chinese imperial officials, was lately described by Prince A. Gagarin, in the narrative, accompanied by many good illustrations, which we were enabled to publish.

BOX HILL AND DORKING.

Twenty-two miles from London, approaching the quiet, homely little town of Dorking, in Mid-Surrey, the chalk hills or "North Downs" break in a steep eminence, 596 ft. above the sea-level, facing west and south, around which the river Mole, presently "running underground" in curious caverns, winds at the edge of a lovely vale, including the wooded park of Deepdene. Box Hill, with its crisp, verdant turf, and its groves of box and yew trees, to which a bright contrast is afforded by the patches of

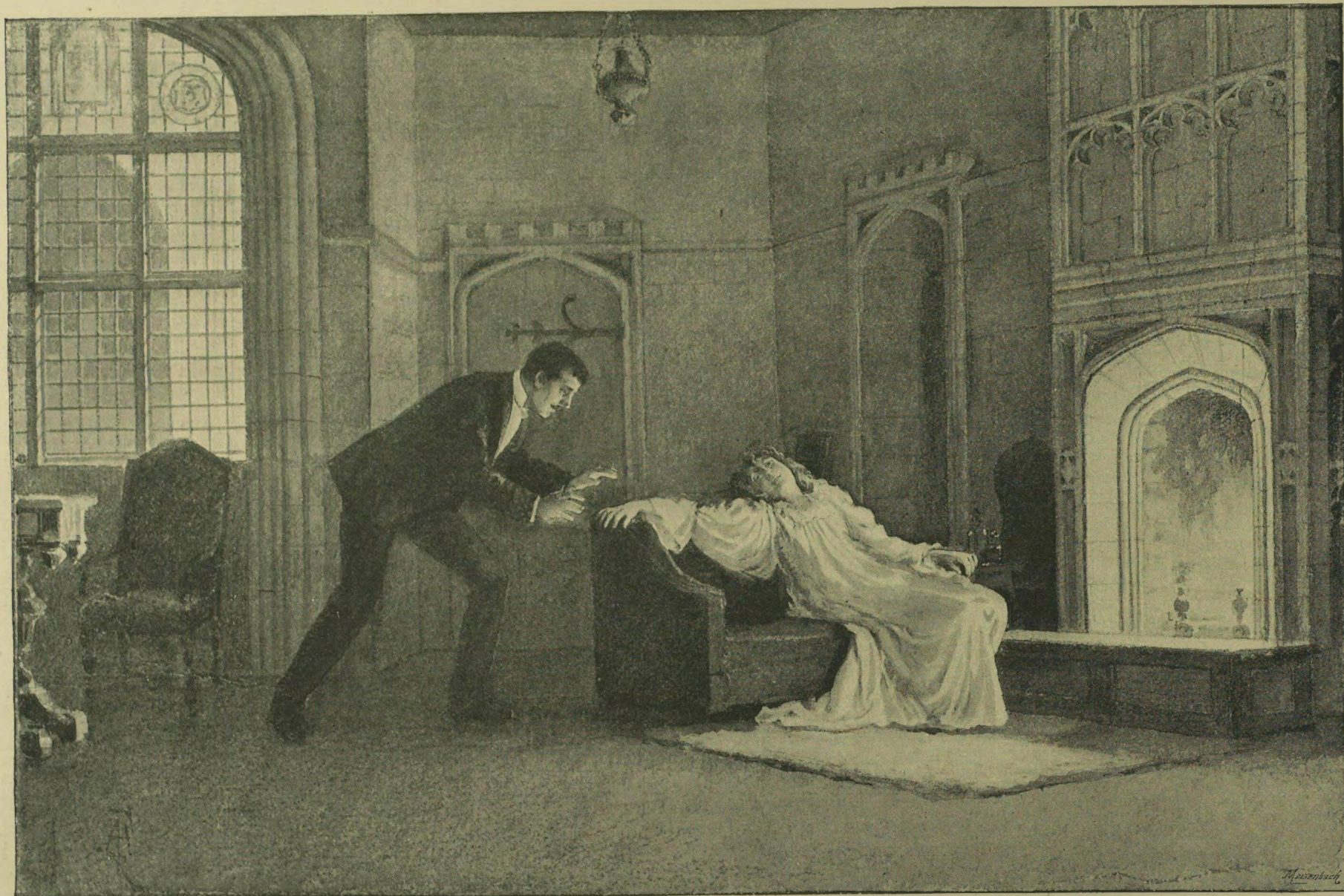
THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Mr. Robert Buchanan set himself a very difficult task when he selected hypnotism and the occult sciences as a subject for drama. But, as events have proved, he did not shoot very far wide of the mark. He has contrived, at any rate, to interest an audience with his "Charlatan." At the outset, few could have believed that anything like a dramatic effect could spring from an hypnotic séance conducted by a cheat, or that laughter could have been avoided when this same airy impostor is converted from the error of his ways by the sight of his innocent victim shivering in his haunted bed-chamber after an airy excursion on the roof of an ancestral mansion in the lightest possible attire. The play may be disjointed and creak a bit every now and then, but it certainly does interest. When the ghost appears at the bidding of the Charlatan you

impossible for a hypnotist to "will" a victim out of bed ever so far away, and a wholly unscientific proceeding; but surely in the love scene, where there is actual contact, the hypnotist would have caught the girl by the wrists and forced her, even against her will, to look straight into his eyes. Surely here was where he would have communicated his power if he had any. But the hypnotic humbug, in this instance, made very little use of his eyes at all—the very organ where the secret of taming exists. Mrs. Tree was the exact nervous, shrinking woman that the story required. She was an ideal "subject" in that scene in the moonlight where she croons a mournful song, and her acting in the somnambulist scene was wholly admirable. But up to this point I could not quite see why the girl should be so affected by a non-powerful man—an interesting man, no doubt, but with not very much electricity about him. Both Mr. and Mrs. Tree were, however, at their best in the haunted turret, and the curtain fell on a strong effect.

do not think I have ever met two more disagreeable women anywhere than the mother and daughter played by Miss Louise Moodie and Miss Annie Rose in the new Norwegian play, "The Gauntlet." They grumble and growl at men until they worry the poor audience into fiddlestrings. It is very ungallant to say so, but I wish some Scandinavian dramatist would, just for a change, take the other side of the question and pull the women to pieces. Are all these Pharisees in petticoats, who are perpetually thanking God that they are not as other women are, consistently immaculate? Are they incapable of error, these strange women who are incapable of forgiveness? Do they never do any wrong that they are so prone to lecture others? The wonder is that any man should want to live with such Grumbletonians. Mr. Ries would have been worse than a fool to stay at home to be talked at and snubbed by his vinegar-faced spouse, and to be insulted by a graceless creature who simply turns her back upon him when he affectionately unpacks some present he has brought home



"THE CHARLATAN," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.—ACT III.: IN THE TURRET CHAMBER (MR. AND MRS. BEERBOHM TREE).

might hear a pin drop, and there is the true dramatic shiver when the repentant impostor sends the poor cold lady back to her bed in the middle of the night at the exact moment when there is a mysterious knocking at the door. On the first night it seemed to me that Mr. Beerbohm Tree had not quite made up his mind what to do with the part. It is a difficult one, no doubt, and this admirable actor, with his strong personality, is not in the habit of making mistakes. The man half through the play is a humbug and a scoundrel; for the other half he is abject in his contrition. This foreknowledge that the man had to repent seemed to take the veneer off the villain and the oil out of the humbug. I know I am in a minority, but the "make up," in this instance, did not impress me in the least. It was not strong or showy enough. A man of that pattern should surely be the observed of all observers, and have a certain mystery marked on his face. I seemed to want a face more like the Abbé Liszt, or, say, the late J. C. M. Bellew, the fashionable preacher—but a young face, with prematurely grey hair. And there were some scenes where the hypnotiser seemed to throw away the chances for the exhibition of his own power. It may be

One of the showiest, and by far the best written, characters in the play is the modern prig-philosopher, played so excellently by Mr. F. Kerr. I hope the play will be published, in order to enable one to read this part, one of the most brilliant things in satire that Mr. Buchanan has ever done. The school was ripe for satirical treatment, and it has got it hot and strong. There is not a spice of cruelty in the castigation, but the author whips the folly with a relish. We could have had a good deal more of Mr. Kerr; in fact, I think that some of the old Earl's guests might have had a little more to say. They cut the modern Dean and the modern young lady remarkably short; but I suppose they wanted to get on with the ghost.

I must candidly own that I am not so fond of the society of intensely disagreeable women as some of my friends appear to be: with a little tact you can generally manage to avoid their society in real life unless they are fastened on to you by accident at a dinner party, but I defy anyone to cold-shoulder these dreadful creatures in a Norwegian drama. Ibsen's cantankerous cats were bad enough in all conscience, but Björnson's are infinitely worse. I honestly

to make peace with his shrewish wife and his priggish daughter. What a state of society, when a Norwegian wife treats the breadwinner and the father of her children worse than the dirt under her feet, and when the Norwegian innocent and immaculate girl smacks her lover's face because, having erred, he is asking for forgiveness! The maxim "To err is human; to forgive divine," is apparently unknown to the women of the cruel North. But in good truth have we not had almost enough of this suburban philosophy, these electro-plate ethics? In a clever play we can swallow them with a wry face, but served up in a badly cooked play they turn the stomach. The best acting came from Mr. George Hawtrej, but it would be a serious risk to insure the life of such a play as this. Miss Kate Santley returned to the stage as bright and melodious as ever. Time seems to have stood still with this charming little favourite, and her Penelope, the Area Belle, was a welcome relief to the grumbling women who preceded her. Why not try a triple bill at the Royalty, and let the poor folks have some honest laughter? Life is sad and miserable enough without exaggerating its miseries, domestic and otherwise, on the stage.



A RUSSIAN EXPLORATION PARTY IN CENTRAL ASIA.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has arranged to leave Osborne with Princess Beatrice on Feb. 18, and to reside three weeks at Windsor Castle, after which she will go to Italy, and sojourn at the Villa Fabbriotti, Florence.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York have enjoyed good shooting at Sandringham, Norfolk.

The House of Lords, at a formal sitting on Friday, Jan. 19, fixed the date for the second reading of the Parish Councils Bill for Thursday, Feb. 22.

The Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education has appointed twelve permanent inspectors of the schools and classes under its direction, each to reside in a particular district of the country. The gentlemen appointed are Dr. E. J. Ball, Mr. R. Blair, Dr. S. F. Dufton, Mr. C. Geldard, Dr. H. Hoffert, Professor D. E. Jones, Dr. D. S. M'Nair, Mr. C. M' Rae, Mr. T. Preston, Mr. F. Pullinger, Captain T. B. Shaw, and Mr. H. Wager.

Sir Henry Roscoe has been appointed to the seat in the Council of the London University made vacant by the death of Sir William Smith.

The Miners' Federation Conference at Leicester has passed resolutions in favour of the nationalisation of mines, nominating representatives to the International Miners' Congress to be held in Berlin this year, and to the Trade Union Congress to be held at Norwich, and granting another month's support to members still out of work in consequence of the recent lock-out, which has cost the trade unions over £100,000.

A conference of representatives of the North of England coal and iron industries, convened at the instance of the Bishop of Durham, was held at Durham on Saturday, Jan. 20, when the Bishop recommended the establishment of a board of arbitration, to be jointly formed by the miners and the mine-owners, to deal with all disputes concerning labour in the counties of Northumberland and Durham. This proposal was supported by Mr. T. Burt, M.P., Mr. David Dale, Mr. John Wilson, M.P., Mr. W. Whitwell, and other persons having influence with those classes, and by several working miners. The Bishop afterwards entertained the members of the conference with tea at Durham Castle.

Mr. Acland, Vice-President of the Council, was present at the annual meeting of the Association of Principals and Lecturers in Training Colleges, held at the Westminster Townhall, and welcomed the beginning of the work of the association.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. John Morley, on Jan. 20, received at Dublin Castle a deputation of commercial and local representatives of Dublin, Cork, Belfast, and other Irish towns, in favour of maintaining the Queenstown route for the American mails, and accelerating the mail service between Ireland and London. He expressed concurrence with their views, and promised to lay them before the Postmaster-General.

The Jewish Colonisation Association gives details with respect to four colonies established in the Argentine Republic, in the second year of its operations, and states that in the coming spring it is intended to send thither about 4000 more colonists from Russia. The expenditure hitherto, including £215,000 invested in lands, has been about £500,000.

A gratifying event in Germany is the token, on Monday, Jan. 22, of a personal reconciliation between the Emperor William II. and the ex-Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Bismarck. His Majesty sent to Prince Bismarck, at Friedrichsruh, his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Von Moltke, who presented him with a bottle of very old wine from his Majesty. The gift was accompanied by an autograph letter, in which the Emperor congratulated the ex-Chancellor upon his recovery from his recent attack of influenza. It is believed that this friendly act was due to his Majesty's own direct initiative. Prince Bismarck replied that he would pay his respects to the Emperor in Berlin immediately after his Majesty's birthday, which is on Jan. 27. Count Herbert Bismarck has recently been a guest at the Emperor's palace, upon the occasion of the Coronation Festival.

Princess Victoria of Coburg, the bride-elect of the Grand Duke of Hesse, arrived at Darmstadt on Jan. 23, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Coburg and her sisters. The royal visitors were received at the station by the Grand Duke, and drove in open carriages to the palace amid the acclamations of crowds in the gaily decorated streets.

A French steam-ship, the Equateur, from Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, arriving in the Garonne and approaching Bordeaux, has been much damaged, and two men killed, by the explosion of some dynamite apparatus in a packing-case which contained silver coin exported from South America to Europe, and consigned to Messrs. Offroy,

of Paris. The author and the motive of this plot have not yet been discovered.

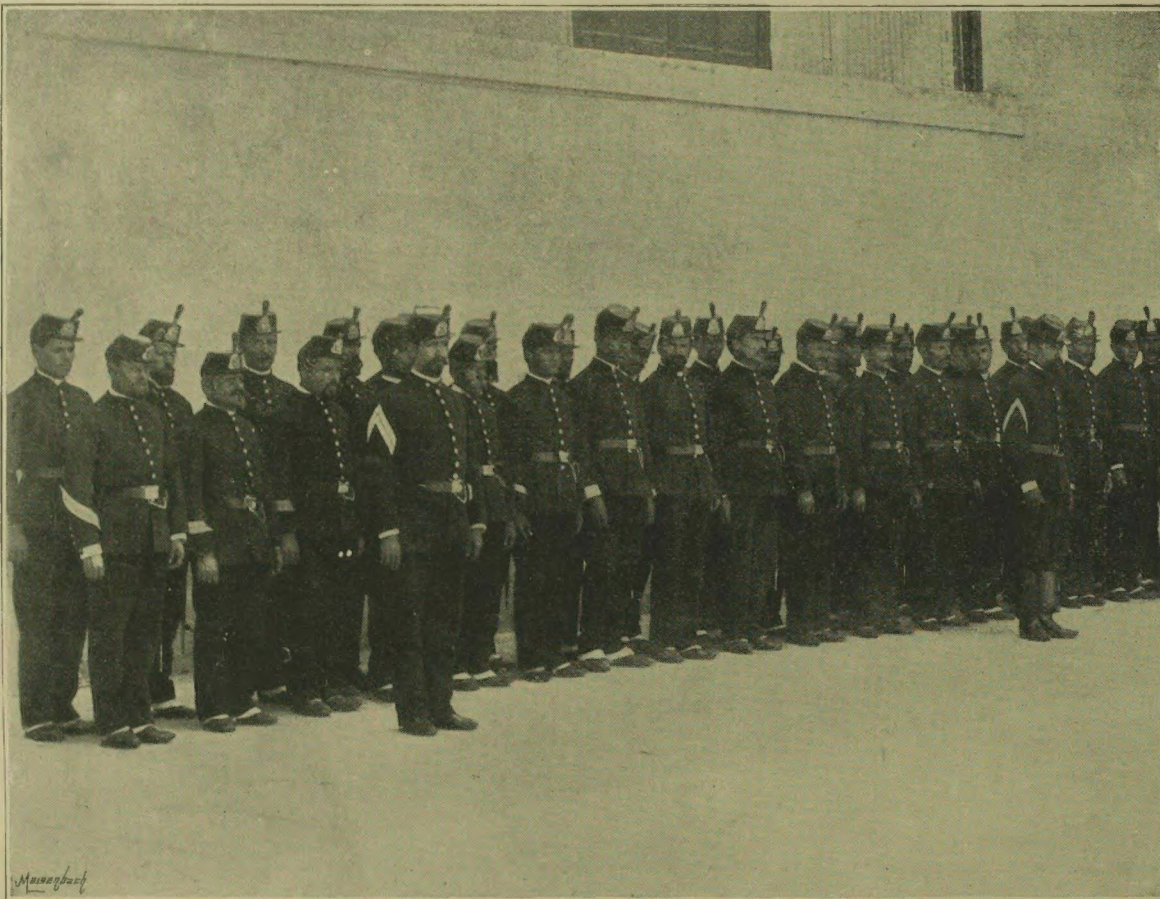
It is stated at Cairo that the uneasiness caused by the criticisms of the Khedive upon the Egyptian army will be settled by his Highness publishing an order praising the efficiency of the army, and that Maher Pasha, the Under-Secretary for War, will be removed from his post. General Kitchener has therefore withdrawn his resignation.

The Egyptian Government has received the consent of the majority of the European Powers to the abandonment of all claims on behalf of the Mixed Tribunals to jurisdiction on questions concerning land at issue between natives, and has issued a decree prolonging the existence of these tribunals for another period of five years.

A fresh political crisis has taken place in the kingdom of Serbia. The young King Alexander, who not long ago overthrew the Regency and undertook to rule, has had difficulties with his Radical Ministry; and his father, King Milan, who was forced to abdicate, and withdrew to Vienna, has returned to Belgrade, upon which General Gruitch and the other Ministers have resigned office, and the King is forming a fresh Government.

The new Viceroy of India, the Earl of Elgin, arrived at Bombay on Jan. 20, and was received with the customary public honours. A subscription is being raised at Calcutta for the erection of a statue of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the retiring Viceroy. The Government of India has expressed, in a despatch to the Secretary of State, an opinion that the holding of Indian Civil Service examinations simultaneously in England and India is impracticable, and that, even if it were feasible, it would be inexpedient.

On Jan. 23 the commercial community of Calcutta



THE ARREST OF JABEZ SPENCER BALFOUR: FOOT POLICE AT BUENOS AYRES.

entertained Lord Lansdowne at a farewell banquet in the Royal Exchange. Mr. Playfair, President of the Chamber of Commerce, occupied the chair. Lord Lansdowne spoke, in reply, alluding to the currency question, the military measures during his tenure of office, the frontier expeditions, and the new foreign relations created by the advance of Russia, of China, and of India herself. In conclusion, he reviewed domestic questions, pointing, as a special source of difficulty, to the growing tendency among all classes to question the authority of the Government. He also deprecated the increasing tendency to transfer authority from the Government of India to the British Parliament, often at the instance of irresponsible persons.

In South Africa President Krüger has notified to the Orange Free State the conditions upon which the Charles-town extension of the Natal railway line into the Transvaal has been sanctioned by him. These are that the rates from Natal to the Transvaal and from Delagoa Bay to the Transvaal shall be equal, and that Natal shall be prohibited from connecting with the Harrismith extension further north than Kroonstad on the main line. The Orange Free State Volksraad has passed the Bill for the extension of the main line from Harrismith to Kroonstad.

Despatches have been received at Sierra Leone from Colonel Ellis reporting a successful attack on the Sofas at Bagwema on Jan. 2, in which two hundred of the enemy were killed, 77 taken prisoners, and over 400 slaves rescued. Only two of the attacking force were wounded. Another force of Sofas attacked Tungea on Dec. 29, but was repulsed with loss by the garrison of constabulary.

The interim dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum just declared by the directors of Bovril, Limited, speaks for the steady prosperity of the company, now presided over by Lord Playfair. The interim dividend for the corresponding period in 1892 was at the rate of 5 per cent., and last year at the rate of 6 per cent. The shares, in consequence, are now quoted at a considerable premium.

MUSIC.

The utility of the new Queen's Hall for choral and orchestral performances on a large scale was conclusively shown by the success of the entertainment given there on Saturday, Jan. 20, when the two popular operas, "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," were performed in concert form before an enormous audience. At a smaller *locale* the same distribution of rôles would hardly have been possible without loss to those in charge of the undertaking. Here it must have been attended by actual profit, since people had to be turned away in large numbers, and an early repetition of the concert was announced from the platform. Without going so far as to agree with the entrepreneurs in describing this as "the musical event of 1894," we are willing to admit that the recital of the favourite operas above named, with a novel yet attractive cast, constituted an undeniable "draw," especially to those music-lovers who delight in operatic music but do not care to seek it inside the walls of a theatre. That the reasonable prices charged were the immediate cause of the crowded attendance, we do not for a moment believe. A half-guinea for a sofa-stall or grand-circle seat, is not, after all, such a wonderful bargain, even when Edward Lloyd and Ben Davies are singing; and bad audiences have been known at Covent Garden when the prices were the same and the representation of at least equivalent excellence. No; the secret of the success was simply a combination of powerful elements, all of them acceptable to the public taste; and this, when everything has been said and done, is the principle on which music caterers ought always to act. A less easily explained feature was the large amount of enjoyment extracted from operas which do not readily separate themselves from the advantage of stage surroundings. At the same time, it was evident to an experienced observer that the vast audience cared very little about

what the band and chorus were doing. Its attention was concentrated wholly on the work of the solo singers, who were certainly worthy of the admiration and applause bestowed upon them. Miss Ella Russell, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Eugène Oudin, and Mr. Arthur Oswald shone to the greatest advantage in the "Pagliacci," while to hear Mr. Edward Lloyd as Turiddu, bringing his polished vocal art to bear with consummate skill upon music which did not really suit him in the least, was beyond doubt a pleasant and interesting experience. The new conductor, Signor Armando Seppilli, possesses qualities of an altogether exceptional kind. We expect, however, to see him achieve a much finer *ensemble* at the next of these performances, before which he will have been enabled to secure some additional rehearsals. It is also to be hoped that by that time the arrangements for seating the audience will have been improved, and that the attendants will have received peremptory orders not to block up the gangways with chairs.

Brahms's newly composed "Clavierstücke," Op. 118 and 119, were performed for the first time in England at the Monday Popular Concert on Jan. 22 by Mdle.

Ilona Eibenschütz, who had studied them under the composer's personal guidance, and was now chosen to present them here at his special request. The new pieces are ten in number, seven of them being styled *intermezzi*, while the remainder comprise a romance, a ballade, and a rhapsody. Of these, all the *intermezzi* but two were omitted the other evening, a proceeding which was regarded in some quarters as unnecessary on the occasion of the first performance, albeit the pieces selected by Mdle. Eibenschütz were unquestionably the "pick of the bunch." The new compositions are written in Brahms's most engaging style; they are mostly very short, it is true, but their wealth of charm and variety is simply astonishing, and from first to last they do not allow the hearer a single dull moment. They were superbly played by Madame Schumann's gifted young pupil, who threw into her graceful and spirited execution all the poetic feeling and quickly changing sentiment that the music demanded. For an encore, Mdle. Eibenschütz gave the "Cradle song" from the companion pieces, Op. 117, from the same master's pen. At this concert Beethoven's Septet was repeated, and Miss Liza Lehmann brought forward with decided effect a charming song, by "A. L.," entitled "Rosalind's Madrigal."

It would be interesting to know whether Björnson has sanctioned the adaptation of his play which has been produced at the Royalty Theatre under the title of "The Gauntlet." According to an apparently official statement, the adapter, Mr. George Hawtrej, has made a material alteration in the play. "Where Mr. Hawtrej has taken the responsibility of perverting the original is in his transformation of Mrs. Ries in Act 1 from a dignified and amiable lady into a sour and vindictive victim." Why should Mr. Hawtrej or anybody else take this "responsibility"? Suppose Mr. Archer had deprived Norah Helmer of some of her most playful characteristics, how could "A Doll's House" have been played as a "by no means unfair representation of the original work"?

PERSONAL.

The death of Viscountess Sidmouth in her hundredth year removes a noteworthy link between this generation



Photo by W. G. Lewis, Bath.
THE LATE VISCOUNTESS SIDMOUTH.

and a remote stage of the national evolution. Lady Sidmouth married the eldest son of Henry Addington, the first Viscount, who was Speaker of the House of Commons in 1789, and Prime Minister in 1801. He lived till 1844, through the first period of Parliamentary Reform, which must have been a considerable

shock to a man who had been chief Minister in the days when the supremacy of the Crown was still unquestioned. Lady Sidmouth's memories of those times remained unimpaired to the end of her life. It is not surprising to learn that she had no sympathy with the "more advanced political views" of the present day, and that her favourite reading related exclusively to the royal family. The only regret the sympathetic antiquary can feel with regard to Lady Sidmouth is that she does not appear to have danced at the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the eve of Waterloo, an event with which the imagination loves to associate all the venerable ladies of the aristocracy.

The ghost of John Constable, the famous painter, ought to haunt the auction rooms of Messrs. Christie, and enter an emphatic protest against the sham landscapes bearing his signature. One of these, which was sold at Christie's for a hundred and fifty-three guineas, began its career by changing hands for fifty shillings, and seems to have deceived the connoisseurs who attend the most reputable picture sales. The buyers of the supposed Constable at Christie's became suspicious, however, and declined to pay the money, whereupon an action was brought, and the evidence laid before the court must excite considerable disturbance in the minds of art-lovers who have any Constables in their possession. It appears that nothing is easier than to reproduce the manner of this artist, and to pass it off as the original. In the case in question there was an honest misunderstanding, and the hand which actually painted the spurious Constable remains undetected. But there is evidently a considerable market for these frauds, which put the most experienced judges to shame and confusion. Your connoisseur of art is sometimes as simple as the critic who, on being told that a certain Raphael, when cleaned, was found to consist of half a dozen pictures on a solid basis of a portrait of George IV., inquired whether they were all originals.

Desultory reading, at any rate for pupil teachers, is vigorously condemned by the Bishop of Ripon, who says the habit imperils the molecules of the brain. This opinion, we imagine, will be vigorously contested by many people whose profession it is to read at random. There are not a few distinguished persons who have read omnivorously without injuring their molecules in any way. The Bishop of Ripon told the pupil teachers that all their reading must be systematic, and that they must fit every fresh piece of knowledge into some information already acquired. This laborious process of dove-tailing in the mind might damage the molecular tissues, if anything can. Even a pupil teacher may occasionally indulge in the recreation of reading as fancy wills, and probably find this a wholesome tonic instead of the beginning of paralysis. Moreover, the Bishop forgets that education does not necessarily mean the arrangement of the mind on a series of elaborate shelves carefully lettered, and with a catalogue which works automatically.

The late Mr. William Holyoake, an esteemed artist, who formerly held the curator's office at the Royal



Photo by Valentine Blanchard.
THE LATE MR. WILLIAM HOLYOAKE.

Academy Schools, was interred in Highgate Cemetery, where the funeral was attended by the members of his family and many friends, among whom were several artists, and his brother, Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, spoke of the merits of the deceased. One of the floral wreaths laid on the grave bore the inscription, "From the members of the Royal Academy Students' Club, with affectionate sympathy and grateful recollections." As an artist, he had the distinction of being selected to paint a picture representing the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and on a similar occasion to paint the portraits of

the Marchioness and Marquis of Lorne. His picture of "The Sanctuary" hangs in one of the chapels of Westminster Abbey. "The Broken Vow" is another of his popular works, and his "Richard Savage" is known to the members of the Savage Club.

Major Martin Hume's lecture to the Historical Society on Antonio Perez disclosed some very interesting details of a notable intrigue. Perez was the confidential agent of Philip II. in England, and in some of his letters to his master, preserved in the British Museum, but long neglected, Major Hume has discovered the key to the mystery of Perez's disgrace and exile from Spain. These letters are crossed with a handwriting which, until Major Hume came to examine it, was not suspected to be Philip's. The King, in fact, made comments in his own hand on the communications from his exiled Minister. The story thus revealed for the first time shows that Perez had murdered Escovedo, secretary of Don John of Austria. This crime was originally ordered by Philip himself, who suspected Don John of conspiracy, and regarded Escovedo as a moving spirit in the plot. Subsequently the King changed his mind, and countermanded the order for the assassination, which, however, was carried out by Perez, who had a private enmity against his victim. After this, Perez was sent to France by the justly offended monarch, who was shocked by a murder which he had previously contemplated as a necessity of State.

The veteran philanthropist, Mr. William Tallack, has excited a controversy in the *Times* by declaring that the British and Foreign Bible Society, as a national safeguard, is worth any number of battle-ships. Mr. Tallack holds, further, that our great naval expenditure betokens an unworthy distrust of Providence, for he cannot believe that the divine government of the universe will ever permit France and Russia to triumph over England. This theory of practical politics carries us back to a somewhat primitive stage of social development. It has, however, been pointed out to Mr. Tallack that even the Jews, the chosen people, did not achieve their victories over the heathen, under the express care of Providence, without the use of mundane weapons. That precedent is probably sufficient even for those who agree with Mr. Tallack that England, and not France or Russia, is the special instrument of providential design.

The native community of Madras has suffered a severe loss by the death, at the comparatively early age of forty-seven, of Professor P. Ranganada Mudaliyar, M.A., Rai Bahadur. A distinguished graduate of the local University, he had been for twenty-eight years a member of the Government Educational Service, for the last ten as Professor of Mathematics at the Presidency College. He was a Fellow, an Examiner, and a Syndic of the University, and had the honour of being selected by the Governor, in 1890, to deliver the annual address at Convocation. He was appointed by the Government of India a member of the Education Commission in 1882, for his services on which he received the honorary title of Rai Bahadur. He also held the office of Tamil Translator to the Government. He was a most active citizen; and the Municipal Commission afforded for many years scope for his remarkable business aptitude. His work in this direction was recognised by his appointment as Sheriff of Madras. Indeed, of recent years there was hardly a movement, public or social, in which he did not take an active part, and thus came to be probably the best known member of the Hindu community in the Southern Presidency. His relations with Europeans were greatly enhanced by his remarkable command of the English language, which he both wrote and spoke with an accuracy, ease, and elegance which many of his readers and hearers envied. He was a fine, typical specimen of the modern educated Hindu, and his place in Madras will be hard to fill.

Some enterprising persons are reported to have established an Old Maids' Insurance Society. The idea is, as a contemporary puts it, that "ladies who do not expect or do not intend to marry are to be enabled to insure their marriageable interest on the terms of receiving the capital sum at the age of forty, if still unmarried, but forfeiting it again in the event of marrying after that age." At first sight the chances are on the side of the insurance society, and we trust they will not be augmented by any artfulness in the shape of introductions of policy-holders to eligible bachelors by shrewd insurance agents. What a temptation to any commercial man, after receiving a certain number of premiums, to throw the insured spinsters in the way of fascinating wooers! On the other hand, women are not very eager to insure either their

lives or their spinsterhood. To them, the bird in the hand has infinitely greater attractions than two birds in an insurance office. How many young women will care to insure their single blessedness with a view to drawing the capital amount at the age of forty?

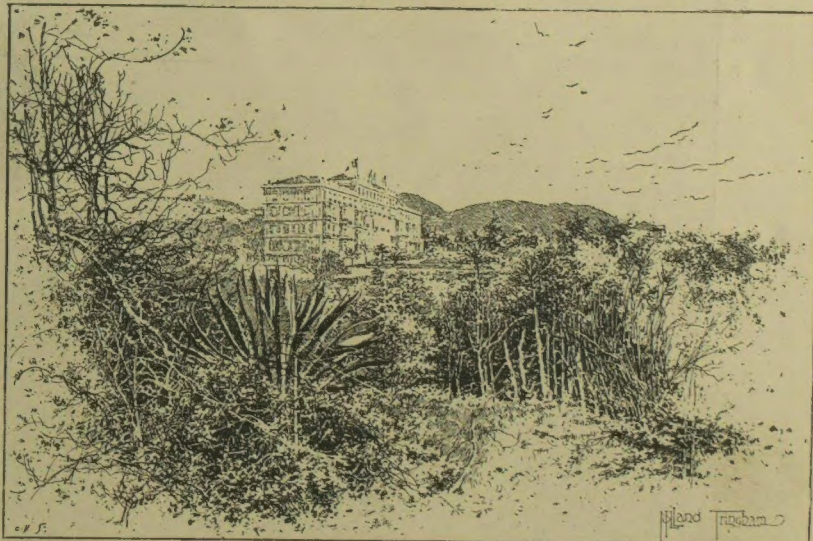
The young Khedive is at it again. He had not been long installed in his new dignity when he tried an open quarrel with Lord Cromer. Now he is seeking to provoke the British military officials by lecturing them on the condition of the Egyptian army. It is well known that the British officials have made the Egyptian army a creditable force instead of the rabble it was when they took it in hand. It is equally notorious that young Abbas has no military experience whatever, and is about as competent to pass judgment on his army as a Chinaman on British ironclads. The new outbreak of ill-temper on the part of the Khedive is due, of course, to the prolonged occupation of Egypt by the British troops. Abbas is simply splenetic against a policy which he cannot control, and which he regards as animated by bad faith. The fact is that this very boyish potentate is anxious to be a real ruler. We are afraid the leading-strings will have to be drawn a little tighter.

Mr. W. S. Allen and Mr. T. B. Curran ought to be very proud men. Quite a controversy has been raging among the London correspondents as to the identity of the youngest man in the House of Commons. For some time Mr. Allen held the laurel, but an inquisitive scribe made searching inquiries—probably among parish registers—and discovered at last that Mr. Curran was Mr. Allen's junior by three months. Mr. Allen was three-and-twenty last July, and Mr. Curran was twenty-three last October. It is a great comfort to have this question finally settled. Mr. Curran is not distinguished in politics so far, but Mr. Allen, who looks like a football player intent on getting a "goal," occasionally interposes in debate. On the last occasion he hazarded the opinion that the Church was actuated by political motives, and brought upon himself a statesmanlike rebuke from Viscount Cranborne, who is also guilty of what Pitt called, in his reply to Horace Walpole (which we used to recite at school), "the atrocious crime of being a young man."

It has been judicially decided (subject to appeal) that a man may prevent the exhibition of his effigy in a waxwork show, if this should excite a public curiosity detrimental to his reputation. Counsel for Mr. Monson successfully argued that his wax figure had no attraction except in connection with the Ardamont "mystery"—in other words, they contended that the suggestion was injurious to his character. The "portrait-model" was not placed in the "Chamber of Horrors"; but there could be no point in its exhibition at all except to insinuate that a cloud still hung over his fame. The waxwork proprietors in this litigation have appealed against the judgment in Mr. Monson's favour. They deny that his effigy is a libellous suggestion to the public that, after all, a Scotch verdict of "Not Proven" is not an acquittal. The question is somewhat novel, and Mr. Monson's immunity from portraiture might be logically extended beyond the sphere of waxwork. Is it, for instance, a libel to exhibit his photograph in a shop-window?

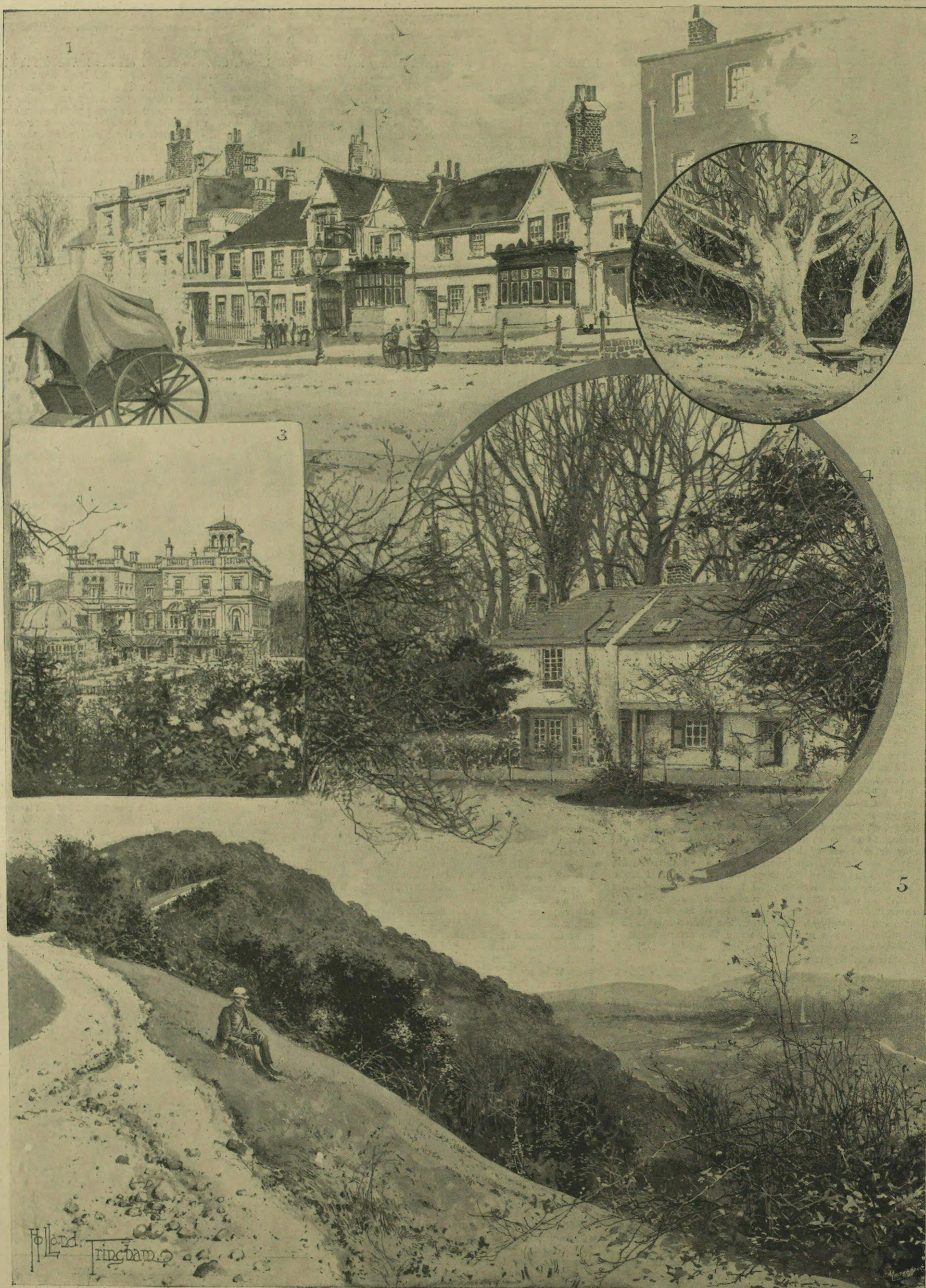
The sudden death of Bishop Hill, of Western Equatorial Africa, has been followed with unusual expedition by the appointment of the Rev. Herbert Tugwell, B.A., as his successor. There is good reason to believe that the Archbishop of Canterbury insists upon the missionary societies nominating young men for the posts under their control. Mr. Tugwell was only ordained in 1880, but even he is a good deal senior to the Bishop-elect of Melanesia. He served at a country curacy for nine years before he volunteered for service in Africa, under the Church Missionary Society. Mr. Tugwell went out in company with Mr. Wilmot Brooke and Mr. J. R. Robinson, two men of distinction, both of whom died on the Niger. He greatly impressed them both, and on the coast speedily won the affection of the natives. He is a quiet but most genial man, likely to rule with success in a position of some delicacy.

The Riviera Palace is one of the most notable additions to the list of famous European hotels. It stands on one of the most picturesque spots near Nice, within easy distance from the town, and two hours' drive from Monte Carlo. This hotel is the enterprise of the International Wagons



THE RIVIERA PALACE, NEAR NICE.

Lits Company, who have lately extended their business to the provision of hostels as well as facilities of travel. Their sleeping-cars, which are used all over Europe, are models of a luxurious comfort which is also to be found in the Riviera Palace, the architecture of which has a grace and lightness appropriate to the scenery and the atmosphere of the loveliest shore of the Mediterranean.



1. The White Horse at Dorking, an Old-World Posting House.

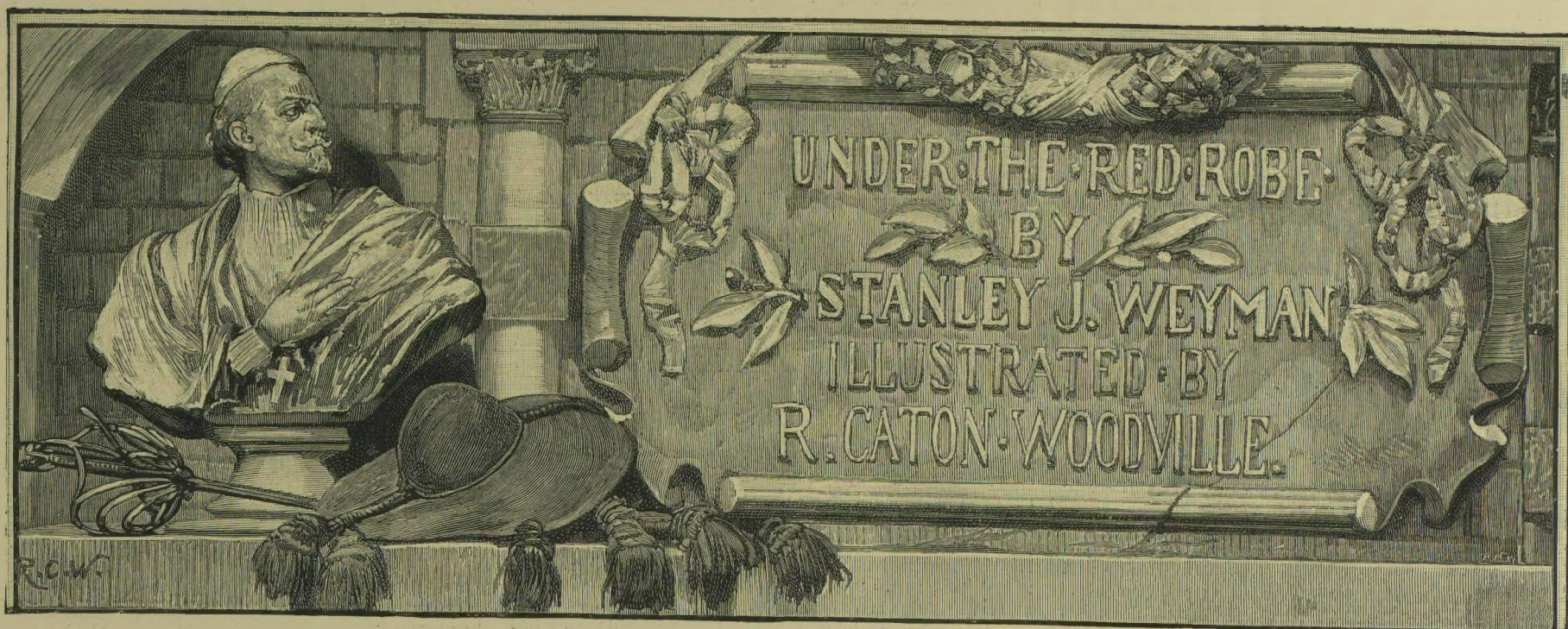
2. Beech-Trees on the Top of Box Hill.

3. Deepdene, Dorking.

4. Garden of the Burford Bridge Hotel.

5. Leith Hill and the Town of Dorking from the Top of Box Hill.

THE SUGGESTED ENCLOSURE OF BOX HILL.



CHAPTER IV.

MADAME AND MADemoisELLE.

To be frank, however, it was not the old wound that touched me so nearly, but Madame's words; which, finishing what Clon's sudden appearance in the garden had begun, went a long way towards hardening me and throwing me back into myself. I saw with bitterness—what I had perhaps forgotten for a moment—how great was the chasm which separated me from these women; how impossible it was we could long think alike; how far apart in views, in experience, in aims we were. And while I made a mock in my heart of their high-flown sentiments—or thought I did—I laughed no less at the folly which had led me to dream, even for a moment, that I could, at my age, go back—go back and risk all for a whim, a scruple, the fancy of a lonely hour.

I dare say something of this showed in my face; for Madame's eyes mirrored a dim reflection of trouble as she looked at me, and Mademoiselle ate nervously and at random. At any rate, I fancied so, and I hastened to compose myself; and the two, in pressing upon me the simple dainties of the table, soon forgot, or appeared to forget, the incident.

Yet in spite of this *contretemps*, that first meal had a strange charm for me. The round table whereat we dined was spread inside the open door which led to the garden, so that the October sunshine fell full on the spotless linen and quaint old plate, and the fresh balmy air filled the room with the scent of sweet herbs. Louis served us with the mien of a major-domo, and set on each dish as though it had been a peacock or a mess of ortolans. The woods provided the larger portion of our meal; the garden did its part; the confections Mademoiselle had cooked with her own hand.

By and by, as the meal went on, as Louis trod to and fro across the polished floor, and the last insects of summer hummed sleepily outside, and the two gracious faces continued to smile at me out of the gloom—for the ladies sat with their backs to the door—I began to dream again. I began to sink again into folly—that was half pleasure, half pain. The fury of the gaming-house and the riot of Zaton's seemed far away. The triumphs of the fencing-room—even they grew cheap and tawdry. I thought of existence as one outside it. I balanced this against that, and wondered whether, after all, the red soutane were so much better than the homely jerkin, or the fame of a day than ease and safety.

And life at Cocheforêt was all after the pattern of this dinner. Each day, I might almost say each meal, gave rise to the same sequence of thoughts. In Clon's presence,

or when some word of Madame's, unconsciously harsh, reminded me of the distance between us, I was myself. At other times, in face of this peaceful and intimate life, which was only rendered possible by the remoteness of the place and the peculiar circumstances in which the ladies stood, I felt a strange weakness. The loneliness of the woods that encircled the house, and here and there afforded a distant glimpse of snowclad peaks; the absence of any link to bind me to the old life, so that at intervals it seemed unreal; the remoteness of the great world, all tended to sap my will and weaken the purpose which had brought me to this place.

On the fourth day after my coming, however, something happened to break the spell. It chanced that I came late to

dinner, and entered the room hastily and without ceremony, expecting to find Madame and her sister already seated. Instead, I found them talking in a low tone by the open door, with every mark of disorder in their appearance; while Clon and Louis stood at a little distance with downcast faces and perplexed looks.

I had time to see all this, and then my entrance wrought a sudden change. Clon and Louis sprang to attention; Madame and her sister came to the table and sat down, and made a shallow pretence of being at their ease. But Mademoiselle's face was pale, her hand trembled; and though Madame's greater self-command enabled her to carry off the matter better, I saw that she was not herself. Once or twice she



Louis served us with the mien of a major-domo.

spoke harshly to Louis; she fell at other times into a brown study; and when she thought I was not watching her, her face wore a look of deep anxiety.

I wondered what all this meant; and I wondered more when, after the meal, the two walked in the garden for an hour with Clon. Mademoiselle came from this interview alone, and I was sure that she had been weeping. Madame and the dark porter stayed outside some time longer; then she, too, came in, and disappeared.

Clon did not return with her, and when I went into the garden five minutes later Louis also had vanished. Save for two women who sat sewing at an upper window, the house seemed to be deserted. Not a sound broke the afternoon stillness of room or garden, and yet I felt that more was happening in this silence than appeared on the surface. I began to grow curious—suspicious; and presently slipped out myself by way of the stables, and, skirting the wood at the back of the house, gained with a little trouble the bridge which crossed the stream and led to the village.

Turning round at this point I could see the house, and I moved a little aside into the underwood, and stood gazing at the windows, trying to unriddle the matter. It was not likely that M. de Cocheforêt would repeat his visit so soon; and, besides, the women's emotions had been those of pure dismay and grief, unmingled with any of the satisfaction to which such a meeting, though snatched by stealth, would give rise. I discarded my first thought therefore—that he had returned unexpectedly—and I sought for another solution.

But none was on the instant forthcoming. The windows remained obstinately blind, no figures appeared on the terrace, the garden lay deserted, and without life. My departure had not, as I half expected it would, drawn the secret into light.

I watched a while, at times cursing my own meanness; but the excitement of the moment and the quest tided me over that. Then I determined to go down into the village and see whether anything was moving there. I had been down to the inn once, and had been received half sulkily, half courteously, as a person privileged at the great house, and therefore to be accepted. It would not be thought odd if I went again; and after a moment's thought, I started down the track.

This, where it ran through the wood, was so densely shaded that the sun penetrated to it little, and in patches only. A squirrel stirred at times, sliding round a trunk or scampering across the dry leaves. Occasionally a pig grunted and moved farther into the wood. But the place was very quiet, and I do not know how it was that I surprised Clon instead of being surprised by him.

He was walking along the path before me with his eyes on the ground—walking so slowly, and with his lean frame so bent that I might have supposed him ill if I had not remarked the steady movement of his head from right to left, and the alert touch with which he now and again displaced a clod of earth or a cluster of leaves. By and by he rose stiffly, and looked round him suspiciously; but by that time I had slipped behind a trunk, and was not to be seen; and after a brief interval he went back to his task, stooping over it more closely, if possible, than before, and applying himself with even greater care.

By that time I had made up my mind that he was tracking someone. But whom? I could not make a guess at that. I only knew that the plot was thickening, and began to feel the eagerness of the chase. Of course, if the matter had not to do with Cocheforêt, it was no affair of mine; but though it seemed unlikely that anything could bring him back so soon, he might still be at the bottom of this. And, besides, I felt a natural curiosity. When Clon at last improved his pace, and went on to the village, I took up his task. I called to mind the wood-lore I had known, and scanned trodden mould and crushed leaves with eager eyes. But in vain. I could make nothing of it at all, and rose at last with an aching back and no advantage.

I did not go on to the village after that, but returned to the house, where I found Madame pacing the garden. She looked up eagerly on hearing my step; and I was mistaken if she was not disappointed—if she had not been expecting someone else. She hid the feeling bravely, however, and met me with a careless word; but she turned to the house more than once while we talked, and she seemed to be all the while on the watch, and uneasy. I was not surprised when Clon's figure presently appeared in the doorway, and she left me abruptly, and went to him. I only felt more certain than before that there was something strange on foot. What it was, and whether it had to do with M. de Cocheforêt, I could not tell. But there it was, and I grew more curious the longer I remained alone.

She came back to me presently, looking thoughtful and a trifle downcast. "That was Clon, was it not?" I said, studying her face.

"Yes," she answered. She spoke absently, and did not look at me.

"How does he talk to you?" I asked, speaking a trifle curtly.

As I intended, my tone roused her. "By signs," she said. "Is he—is he not a little mad?" I ventured. I wanted to make her talk and forget herself.

She looked at me with sudden keenness, then dropped her eyes.

"You do not like him?" she said, a note of challenge in her voice. "I have noticed that, Monsieur."

"I think he does not like me," I replied.

"He is less trustful than we are," she answered naïvely. "It is natural that he should be. He has seen more of the world."

That silenced me for a moment, but she did not seem to notice it. "I was looking for him a little while ago, and I could not find him," I said, after a pause.

"He has been into the village," she answered.

I longed to pursue the matter further; but though she

seemed to entertain no suspicion of me, I dared not run the risk. I tried her, instead, on another tack. "Mademoiselle de Cocheforêt does not seem very well to-day?" I said.

"No?" she answered carelessly. "Well, now you speak of it, I do not think she is. She is often anxious about—my husband."

She uttered the last two words with a little hesitation, and looked at me quickly when she had spoken them. We were sitting at the moment on a stone seat which had the wall of the house for a back; and, fortunately, I was toying with the branch of a creeping plant that hung over it, so that she could not see more than the side of my face. For I knew that it altered. Over my voice, however, I had more control, and I hastened to answer "Yes, I suppose so," as innocently as possible.

"He is at Bosost—in Spain. You knew that, I conclude?" she said, with a certain sharpness. And she looked me in the face again very directly.

"Yes," I answered, beginning to tremble.

"I suppose you have heard, too, that he—that he sometimes crosses the border?" she continued in a low voice, but with a certain ring of insistence in her tone. "Or, if you have not heard it, you guess it?"

I was in a quandary, and grew, in one second, hot all over. Uncertain what amount of knowledge I ought to admit, I took refuge in gallantry. "I should be surprised if he did not," I answered, with a bow, "being, as he is, so close, and having such an inducement to return, Madame."

She drew a long, shivering sigh—at the thought of his peril, I fancied, and sat back against the wall. Nor did she say any more, though I heard her sigh again. In a moment she rose. "The afternoons are growing chilly," she said: "I will go in and see how Mademoiselle is. Sometimes she does not come to supper. If she cannot descend this evening, I am afraid you must excuse me too, Monsieur."

I said what was right, and watched her go in; and, as I did so, I loathed my errand, and the mean contemptible curiosity which it had planted in my mind, more than at any former time. These women—I could find it in my heart to hate them for their frankness, for their foolish confidence, and the silly trustfulness that made them so easy a prey!

Nom de Dieu! What did the woman mean by telling me all this? To meet me in such a way, to disarm me by such methods, was to take an unfair advantage. It put a vile—aye, the vilest—aspect, on the work I had to do.

Yet it was very odd! What could M. de Cocheforêt mean by returning so soon, if M. de Cocheforêt was here? And, on the other hand, if it was not his unexpected presence that had so upset the house, what was the secret? Whom had Clon been tracking? And what was the cause of Madame's anxiety? In a few minutes I began to grow curious again: and, as the ladies did not appear at supper, I had leisure to give my brain full license, and, in the course of an hour, thought of a hundred keys to the mystery. But none exactly fitted the lock, or laid open the secret.

A false alarm that evening helped to puzzle me still more. I was sitting, about an hour after supper, on the same seat in the garden—I had my cloak and was smoking—when Madame came out like a ghost, and, without seeing me, flitted away through the darkness toward the stables. For a moment I hesitated, then I followed her. She went down the path and round the stables, and, so far, I understood; but when she had in this way gained the rear of the west wing, she took a track through the thicket to the east of the house again, and so came back to the garden. This gained, she came up the path and went in through the parlour door, and disappeared—after making a clear circuit of the house, and not once pausing or looking to right or left! I confess I was fairly baffled. I sank back on the seat I had left, and said to myself that this was the lamest of all conclusions. I was sure that she had exchanged no word with anyone. I was equally sure that she had not detected my presence behind her. Why, then, had she made this strange promenade, alone, unprotected, an hour after nightfall? No dog had bayed, no one had moved, she had not once paused, or listened, like a person expecting a rencontre. I could not make it out. And I came no nearer to solving it, though I lay awake an hour beyond my usual time.

In the morning, neither of the ladies descended to dinner, and I heard that Mademoiselle was not so well. After a lonely meal, therefore—I missed them more than I should have supposed—I retired to my favourite seat and fell to meditating.

The day was fine, and the garden pleasant. Sitting there with my eyes on the old-fashioned herb beds, with the old-fashioned scents in the air, and the dark belt of trees bounding the view on either side, I could believe that I had been out of Paris not three weeks, but three months. The quiet lapped me round. I could fancy that I had never loved anything else. The wood-doves cooed in the stillness; occasionally the harsh cry of a jay jarred the silence. It was an hour after noon, and hot. I think I nodded.

On a sudden, as if in a dream, I saw Clon's face peering at me round the angle of the parlour door. He looked, and in a moment withdrew, and I heard whispering. The door was gently closed. Then all was still again.

But I was wide awake now, and thinking hard. Clearly the people of the house wished to assure themselves that I was asleep and safely out of the way. As clearly, it was to my interest to know what was passing. Giving way to the temptation, I rose quietly, and, stooping below the level of the windows, slipped round the east end of the house, passing between it and the great yew hedge. Here I found all still and no one stirring; so, keeping a wary eye about me, I went on round the house—reversing the route which Madame had taken the night before—until I gained the rear of the stables. Here I had scarcely paused a second to scan the ground before two persons came out of the stable-court. They were Madame and the porter.

They stood a brief while outside and looked up and down,

Then Madame said something to the man, and he nodded. Leaving him standing where he was, she crossed the grass with a quick, light step, and vanished among the trees.

In a moment my mind was made up to follow; and, as Clon turned at once and went in, I was able to do so before it was too late. Bending low among the shrubs, I ran hotfoot to the point where Madame had entered the wood. Here I found a narrow path, and ran nimbly along it, and presently saw her grey robe fluttering among the trees before me. It only remained to keep out of her sight and give her no chance of discovering that she was followed; and this I set myself to do. Once or twice she glanced round, but the wood was of beech, the light which passed between the leaves was mere twilight, and my clothes were dark-coloured. I had every advantage, therefore, and little to fear as long as I could keep her in view and still remain myself at such a distance that the rustle of my tread would not disturb her.

Assured that she was on her way to meet her husband, whom my presence kept from the house, I felt that the crisis had come at last; and I grew more excited with each step I took. True, I detested the task of watching her: it filled me with peevish disgust. But in proportion as I hated it I was eager to have it done and be done with it, and succeed, and stuff my ears and begone from the scene. When she presently came to the verge of the beech wood, and, entering a little open clearing, seemed to loiter, I went cautiously. This, I thought, must be the rendezvous; and I held back warily, looking to see him step out of the thicket.

But he did not, and by and by she quickened her pace. She crossed the open and entered a wide ride cut through a low, dense wood of alder and dwarf oak—a wood so closely planted, and so intertwined with hazel and elder and box that the branches rose like a solid wall, twelve feet high, on either side of the track.

Down this she passed, and I stood and watched her go; for I dared not follow. The ride stretched away as straight as a line for four or five hundred yards, a green path between green walls. To enter it was to be immediately detected, if she turned; while the thicket itself permitted no passage. I stood baffled and raging, and watched her pass along. It seemed an age before she at last reached the end, and, turning sharply to the right, was in an instant gone from sight.

I waited then no longer. I started off, and, running as lightly and quietly as I could, I sped down the green alley. The sun shone into it, the trees kept off the wind, and between heat and haste, I sweated finely. But the turf was soft, and the ground fell slightly, and in little more than a minute I gained the end. Fifty yards short of the turning I stayed myself, and, stealing on, looked cautiously the way she had gone.

I saw before me a second ride, the twin of the other, and a hundred and fifty paces down it her grey figure tripping on between the green hedges. I stood and took breath, and cursed the wood and the heat and Madame's wariness. We must have come a league or two thirds of a league, at least. How far did the man expect her to plod to meet him? I began to grow angry. There is moderation even in the cooking of eggs, and this wood might stretch into Spain, for all I knew!

Presently she turned the corner and was gone again, and I had to repeat my manoeuvre. This time, surely, I should find a change. But no! Another green ride stretched away into the depths of the forest, with hedges of varying shades—here light and there dark, as hazel and elder, or thorn, and yew and box—prevailed, but always high and stiff and impervious. Halfway down the ride Madame's figure tripped steadily on, the only moving thing in sight. I wondered, stood, and, when she vanished, followed—only to find that she had entered another track, a little narrower, but in every other respect alike.

And so it went on for quite half an hour. Sometimes Madame turned to the right, sometimes to the left. The maze seemed to be endless. Once or twice I wondered whether she had lost her way, and was merely seeking to return. But her steady, purposeful gait, her measured pace, forbade the idea. I noticed, too, that she seldom looked behind her—rarely to right or left. Once the ride down which she passed was carpeted not with green, but with the silvery, sheeny leaves of some creeping plant that in the distance had a shimmer like that of water at evening. As she trod this, with her face to the low sun, her tall grey figure had a pure air that for the moment startled me—she looked unearthly. Then I swore in scorn of myself, and at the next corner I had my reward. She was no longer walking on. She had stopped, I found, and seated herself on a fallen tree that lay in the ride.

For some time I stood in ambush watching her, and with each minute I grew more impatient. At last I began to doubt—to have strange thoughts. The green walls were growing dark. The sun was sinking; a sharp, white peak, miles and miles away, which closed the vista of the ride, began to flush and colour rosily. Finally, but not before I had had leisure to grow uneasy, she stood up and walked on more slowly. I waited, as usual, until the next turning hid her. Then I hastened after her, and, warily passing round the corner—came face to face with her!

I knew all in a moment—that she had fooled me, tricked me, lured me away. Her face was white with scorn, her eyes blazed; her figure, as she confronted me, trembled with anger and infinite contempt.

"You spy!" she cried. "You hound! You—gentleman! Oh, *mon Dieu!* if you are one of us—if you are really not *canaille*—we shall pay for this some day! We shall pay a heavy reckoning in the time to come! I did not think," she continued—her every syllable like the lash of a whip—"that there was anything so vile as you in this world!"

I stammered something—I do not know what. Her words burned into me—into my heart! Had she been a man, I would have struck her dead!

"You thought you deceived me yesterday," she continued, lowering her tone, but with no lessening of the passion and contempt which curled her lip and gave fullness to her voice. "You plotter! You surface trickster! You thought it an easy task to delude a woman—you find yourself deluded. God give you shame that you may suffer!" she continued mercilessly. "You talked of Clon, but Clon beside you is the most honourable of men!"

"Madame," I said hoarsely—and I know my face was grey as ashes—"let us understand one another."

"God forbid!" she cried on the instant. "I would not soil myself!"

"Fie! Madame," I said, trembling. "But then, you are a woman. That should cost a man his life!"

She laughed bitterly.

"You say well," she retorted. "I am not a man. Neither am I Madame. Madame de Coche-forêt has spent this afternoon—thanks to your absence and your imbecility—with her husband. Yes, I hope that hurts you!" she went on, savagely snapping her little white teeth together. "To spy and do vile work, and do it ill, Monsieur Mouchard—Monsieur de Mouchard, I should say—I congratulate you!"

"You are not Madame de Coche-forêt!" I cried, stunned, even in the midst of my shame and rage, by this blow.

"No, Monsieur!" she answered grimly. "I am not! And permit me to point out—for we do not all lie easily—that I never said I was. You deceived yourself so skillfully that we had no need to trick you."

"Mademoiselle, then?" I muttered.

"Is Madame!" she cried. "Yes, and I am Mademoiselle de Coche-forêt. And in that character, and in all others, I beg from this moment to close our acquaintance, Sir. When we meet again—if we ever do meet, which God forbid!" she cried, her eyes sparkling—"do not presume to speak to me, or I will have you flogged by the grooms. And do not stain our roof by sleeping under it again. You may lie to-night in the inn. It shall not be said that Coche-forêt," she continued proudly, "returned even treachery with inhospitality; and I will give orders to that end. To-morrow begone back to your master, like the whipped cur you are! Spy and coward!"

With the last fierce words she moved away. I would have said something, I could almost have found it in my heart to stop her and make her hear. Nay, I had dreadful thoughts; for I was the stronger, and I might have done with her as I pleased. But she swept by me so fearlessly—as I might pass some loathsome cripple in the road—that I stood turned to stone. Without looking at me—without turning her head to see whether I followed or remained, or what I did—she went steadily down the track until the trees and the shadow and the growing darkness hid her grey figure from me; and I found myself alone.

(To be continued.)

A DAINY BOOK-LIST.

A Catalogue of a Portion of the Library of Edmund Gosse. By R. J. Lister. (Privately printed for the Subscribers. 1893.)—Mr. Gosse's library appears to be reasonably free from the contamination of "the hundred best books" and other *biblia abiblia*. Browsing on his shelves, friends need have no fear when reaching down "a well-bound semblance of a volume" of coming upon "a withering population essay." Ten to one it will prove the "kindly play-book" of their hopes—Restoration period, and in the first edition. It may prove, nevertheless, to be a good deal less readable than Malthus, for Mr. Gosse has collected this sort of literature so heroically that, like Dr. Richard Farmer, he is entitled to boast of possessing "plenty of such reading as was never read"—in this

correspondence which has taken place over the spelling of her "christian" name in this catalogue as "Aphara" has shown that, under various forms, the name was commonly used among the Puritans, but I am able to testify to the fact that it is not yet extinct. I know the sister of an "Afra" now living, who comes of good old Derbyshire peasant stock. To the inquiry as to how the name came to be given, it was answered that "father likely" found it in a penny number." It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Gosse's library is entirely given over to Restoration plays—its variety, as revealed by the Catalogue, appears to constitute its greatest charm. Outside the specialty, nothing may even approach the completeness which induces that feeling of satiety which is the bane of the collector; but, on the other hand, there is of everything at least a little, and of many things

much. We miss "Cromwell" and "Poems by A," but there is "The Strayed Reveler" in its original green cloth, and, greatest rarity of all, "Alaric at Rome," with the facsimile of a letter from Mr. Arnold to say that he thinks it better than his Oxford Cromwell. Beddoes's "Improvisatore" is wanting, but we have his "Bride's Tragedy," a pamphlet of sufficiently respectable rarity. Of Browning, "Sordello" is here, waiting anxiously, but not hopelessly, let us trust, for the society of "Pauline"; while in the possession of "Endymion" and "Prometheus Unbound" there is earnest that some day sets of Keats and Shelley originals will be completed. Fair way has been made in the proper plenching of early Tennysons, and the absence of the "Poems by Two Brothers" is more than balanced by one of the two printed copies of "The Throstle," bound up with the poet's autograph manuscript, of which a facsimile is only one of the Catalogue's many interesting illustrations. Of Morris rarities, the list, though short, is rich, for of the three volumes comprised, each must be precious to the owner, seeing that the purchase of one, "The Defence of Guinevere," was the beginning of his bibliomania, seven-and-twenty years ago, and that the others are large paper first editions of "Jason" and "The Story of the Volsungs."

The most enviable, however, of all Mr. Gosse's book-treasures are the "presentation copies," especially those (and they are many) which are enriched by some special inscription from the pen of the author. "My recent books are largely records of friendships which are the most sacred memories of my life," says Mr. Gosse, and he has reason to be proud of his collection—

The verse is mine, the printing done by Sam,
The Boss of printing Bosses;
This copy of the first edition, last,
I testify is Gosse's.

R. L. S.

is the inscription on "A Martial Elegy for some lead Soldiers," unfamiliar to most admirers of Mr. Stevenson, as doubtless is "The Pentland Rising: A Page of History, 1666"—"Mr. Stevenson's earliest publication," notes Mr. Lister, a statement all the more credible, seeing that the duodecimo (pp. 22) appeared at Edinburgh in 1866.

J. DYKES CAMPBELL.



"You spy!" she cried. "You hound! You—gentleman!"

century, at all events. He has welcomed with all-embracing hospitality the dowdy trains of such obscurities as Mr. Thomas Nabbes and Mrs. Mary Pix to an equal place with the splendid retinues of Dryden and Wycherley, Congreve and Vanbrugh; and it is this enterprising unexclusiveness of spirit and achievement which has earned for him the gratitude of all men who seek something more than a bowing acquaintance with the sadly mixed company. It is the same which will give this dainty "Catalogue" an honoured place on the shelves of all bibliographers who are fortunate enough to secure a copy. These will readily find that it has more solid claims to their respect than its rich insufficiency of impression—sixty-five copies, all told—its mellow unadulterated paper, its excellent type, its broad margins, and its beautiful covers.

The chief glory of Mr. Gosse's "Restoration" cabinet is doubtless the unrivalled group of Drydens, but its chief curiosity is the exhaustive collection of the free and easy productions of Mrs. Behn. A vigorous newspaper



W. and D. Downey, Artists.

Marion and Co., Publishers.

MARGUERITE.

ART NOTES.

In the whirl of art exhibitions with which the year opens it is difficult to pick and choose. At all events, any notice of the most important of the past week—that at the Grafton Gallery—must be postponed for the present. Certainly, one of the most entertaining is that afforded by Mr. Harry Quilter at the Dudley Gallery, for it reveals once more the impassable gulf which separates the critic from the maker of pictures. Mr. Quilter's strength lies in his appreciation of atmospheric effects; of which the "Shipwreck, Rottingdean," is an excellent example, the "dirty" weather and the dramatic scene being equally well rendered. There is also a fine sense of utter loneliness and despair in the solitary figure crouching under the iron railings of Chelsea Hospital on Christmas morning (8). In many other works there is much to praise and a good deal to scoff at, and we should be inclined to apply to Mr. Quilter words which he once used of a brother artist: "He is cultivated rather than sensitive, instructed rather than wise."

Some time ago we spoke of a spirited attempt of Messrs. Marion to extend the uses of photography by furnishing art studies taken from the life by Messrs. W. and D. Downey. There must have been a special need for prints of this nature, inasmuch as four series have already been issued, and a fifth is now being prepared, from which "Marguerite," here reproduced, is a specimen. The value of such work, especially for the purposes of study, is that photogravures taken from the life, while giving scope to both the model and the photographer for expression and arrangement, are susceptible of greater depth and tone in reproduction. As decorative pictures they have all the qualities of engravings, and will probably give another blow to that slowly expiring, but still honoured art.

At the Fine Art Society's Gallery the principal attraction of the "triple bill" will not, we think, be Miss Kate Greenaway's dainty drawings, nor Mr. Alfred Parsons' black-and-white sketches, but the Earl of Dunmore's rough reminiscences of his dangers and difficulties under the "Roof of the World." Lord

Dunmore makes no claim to artistic distinction, but we doubt if even an accomplished painter would have found himself capable of doing anything truly artistic under similar conditions. Snow-clad peaks, ranging from 20,000 to 28,000 ft., towering over deserts of yellow sand, are not generally regarded as pictorial subjects; and when, although hot snow-water is used, the brush freezes before it reaches the paper the ordinary difficulties of painting are somewhat increased. Notwithstanding these obstacles, Lord Dunmore has succeeded in producing some fifty or more sketches of a completely unknown country, which cannot fail to arouse our interest. The great mountain range which separates the countries of the two rulers of Central Asia—the White Czar and the Emperor of China—is full of mystery; and Lord Dunmore has in his year's wanderings done much to penetrate its secrets, as shown in his recently published volume of travels. These rough drawings will do still more, and serve to bring home to the eye something of the conditions under which our Indian frontiers have to be watched and guarded.



R. Caton Woodville.

DANCE BEFORE THE KING OF THE SOFAS IN WEST AFRICA.

LITERATURE.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S NEW BOOK.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Essays on Questions of the Day, Political and Social. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. (London: Macmillan and Co.) The questions discussed in this full-fledged, well-packed volume are certainly "of the day," but they are very far indeed from being ephemeral. To-day we are engaged upon them with an earnestness so earnest that it is for the most part violence; but the outcome of the debate, if that can be called debate which is so strongly infused with considerations merely passionate, belongs to the future. As these questions are determined so will be the future of England and many millions of those who live in the peace and justice of her rule in far-off countries. But it must not be supposed that this future is a distant one. The effect of right decisions may not be very obvious or immediate, it is true; but the effect of wrong decisions will be felt at once. On this occasion there will be no relegation of punishment to unborn generations. A future of loss, confusion, disaster, might last long, but it would soon begin.

For the questions with which Mr. Goldwin Smith deals are mostly questions of radical change—of uprooting and replanting from experimental stocks. Success in such endeavours is often possible, and sometimes promising. But they are generally prompted by a feeling of desperation—that is to say, by a feeling which (considering its relationship to madness) should be inquired into narrowly; and whenever they fail, the failure is apt to be immediate and ruinous. It is in the nature of things that it should be so.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's first essay is on "Social and Industrial Revolution"; then follow "The Question of Disestablishment," a paper on "The Political Crisis in England" (in which the apparent catastrophe of the party system is debated), and then others on the Empire, Woman Suffrage, the Jewish Question, and the Irish Question. All these things have been discussed many times—so many that the popular mind is in danger of being jaded by the discussion while it still remains confused and uninformed. But the reader who takes up this book will find himself in no danger of a surfeit. The essays comprised in it are entirely unlike the mass of matter that pours from the periodical press at every fresh spasm of the Irish question, every new development of what is called the Socialist creed, and is, in fact, a strangely mixed passion of pity, envy, and thoughtlessness. The name of this too-abundant outpour is controversy, and for the most part it is of a kind that might be described as controversy of the street. Mr. Goldwin Smith's method in dealing with these furious subjects is as little controversial as it can be, considering that on most of them (though doubtfully upon all) he has strong convictions, and, therewith, the student's and the patriot's eagerness to do away with error for the truth's sake and his country's. Through all his themes he carries the lamp of history, preferring that illuminant to every other when it will apply. And firstly because his mind is a well-ordered storehouse of historic lore, and next because it is too just a mind to allow of any tampering, colouring, or selecting of facts to suit a purpose or an opinion, his method is as serviceable as it is uncommon. Not that Mr. Goldwin Smith abstains from presenting his own conclusions from the accumulated knowledge and experience of the past, recent or remote. On the contrary, his opinions come out, whenever they are confidently formed, with all the force that a remarkably clear, clean-cut style can give them. But the aim of these essays, the intention with which they are written, is rather to bring just inferences to the reader's mind than to clothe the author's own opinions with argumentative or rhetorical persuasion.

This, of course, is the description of a good book, whether, after reading it, we find ourselves much or little in agreement with its author. And its title to that description becomes all the clearer on observing that Mr. Goldwin Smith does not hesitate to let it be seen now and then that he has only a *bias* to opinion; that it is a bias and no more, and is so understood by himself, and is so to be taken by his readers. Such passages do not often occur, as may be supposed; but they occur often enough to testify to the candour of a writer who is amply supplied with the wherewithal of making the worse appear the better reason did conscience allow. It is in the paper on "The Empire" where this uncertainty is found, or more particularly that part of it which treats of England in the Mediterranean. Here we fancy we detect a wish for less self-assertion in that sea, and not more—a wish, but one that judgment tacitly refused to sanction when the essay was written, and would now declare against, probably, in terms the most positive. Elsewhere in this same essay there is a good deal of painful reasoning—well supported (unfortunately) by an exposition of facts—all signifying loss to us, before very long, over there in Canada, of something more than prestige, the cash-value of which may be easily underestimated. Altogether there seems to us to be more of questionable matter here (questionable does not mean erroneous) than in any other portions of the book. This, however, is no place for discussing the merits of any of Mr. Smith's essays in detail. It must suffice to say what they are and to speak of their general character. Every one of them is full of weighty matter, so presented that the dullest mind must apprehend and the least thoughtful begin to think. On the Woman Suffrage question no more can be said than is said here on the side of the matter which our author takes. If these arguments are not sufficing and convincing, there is an end of the dispute. The same thing may be said, almost, for the essay on "The Social and Industrial Revolution," which "feeling" must answer, for reason certainly will not, nor any understanding sense of what is humane. The paper on the Jewish question is a remarkable collection of facts, and little else; but a serviceable collection, and good for both Jews and Gentiles to bear in mind. Serviceable, indeed, is the word that best describes the book as a whole; and it is beautifully clear reading.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

To Right the Wrong. By Edna Lyall. (London: Hurst and Blackett.)—This is an historical novel. It deals with the period of Royalists and Parliamentarians. That the author has taken pains to make herself sufficiently acquainted with the period would be obvious from the allusions in the preface: difficulties and dull books stood in her way, and she mastered both. The historical novel must inevitably be to the writer rather an exercise of ingenuity than of imagination: it is a mosaic from a design partly original and partly provided, and needs elaborate care rather than inspiration. The view which the average reader takes of the historical novel may, perhaps, depend much on whether he himself is or is not in the habit of reading history. If he is, then the historical novel may seem to him to give some aspect of real life to those historical personages who in the shilling manuals were no more to him than mere names. If he does not read history, the historical novel may bring him to the conclusion that the people of the past all talked very much alike, and that he does not much like the way they talked—that they were at once heavy and indistinct.

It is as well to note the limitations and conditions that must attend the production of an historical novel, because to do so is to make the criticism of it fairer. The observation of the very trivial and yet highly illustrative detail is hardly to be expected there. It is a happy possibility for those who write of the present day and the life around them, but the historical novelist can only come by it through the audacious guesses of genius. Research, however laborious, does not supply it. It is inevitable, too, that character shall be to some extent subservient to plot in the historical novel; and this is bad for character. In judging such a book as "To Right the Wrong," one must first acknowledge the great laboriousness and ingenuity of the author. Writing under conditions which are not easy, she yet produces a novel which will certainly have popularity, and, although it is sometimes prolix, has passages that even the most critical must admire. There is one chapter, for instance, in which a half-reconciliation is described. Rosamond is believed to be dying. By her bedside are her father and mother, pronounced Royalists, and her brother, the hero of the book. He has joined the rebels; his father and mother have cast him off; they have even done their best to thrust him from the house and keep him from his sister's bedside. But she will have him there. The chaplain, in administering the sacrament, passes over one whom he believes to be the enemy of the Church as well as the King, and turns to Rosamond. "She received the bread in her little worn hand, deliberately broke it in two, and herself held one of the pieces to Joscelyn. He took it, and a sort of stir—a movement of horror—was heard in the room, but he was past being hurt by that; all bitterness seemed to have died out of his heart when the child's hand, with the gift within it, had been raised to his lips." It is a dramatic and pathetic chapter.

There is no trace of the reversible agnostic in the novel. Its religious tone is sincere, not gloomy, and not polemical. That it has a high moral purpose is good from the ethical point of view, but dangerous from the artistic. Those who write historical novels put conditions upon themselves; so also do those who write novels with a purpose; and to right the wrong in fiction is frequently to wrong the writer.

BARRY PAIN.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SNOB.

Mr. Bailey-Martin. By Percy White. (London: William Heinemann.)—Thackeray told us long since that we were all snobs; and congratulated himself upon the fact that he was thoroughly well aware of those failings which put him in his own masterly catalogue. "The Book of Snobs," with the imprimatur of generations upon it, must remain while there is a literature the one encyclopædia to which all other writers upon snobbery will turn. Mr. Percy White, who ventures to follow in the master's footsteps, has absorbed—he could not have done otherwise—much that serves for background from the greater work, but has yet contrived to serve up the old set of facts and fancies in a new and elegant dress. "Mr. Bailey-Martin" is unquestionably a readable book. It is the pretended autobiography of one of the new *bourgeoisie*—a man who is a vulgar fellow, a liar, and a scoundrel. New conditions, social and of public life, give the author an opportunity to add much to that which Thackeray taught, and to serve up a snob who has *pari passu* advanced with the times. Here we have a man whose ancestors were grocers, whose father becomes a rich storekeeper, who is sent to a public school and to the university, who foregathers with racketsy lordlings and loves them, but who, through all his rascality, maintains the commercial instinct which is bred in the bone and sees no phase of existence beyond or above the atmosphere of the strong-room. Learning to despise the petty cliques which lead his suburb, Surbiton, Mr. Bailey-Martin attaches himself closely to Lord Righton, a young gentleman whom he permits to discuss green-room slang before his sister, and generally to carry himself in a way that would lead to a horsewhipping even in a suburban household. The Bailey-Martins tolerate this in their frenzied efforts to secure the lordling for their daughter. But the character of Lord Righton is a woful exaggeration, and does much to mar the undoubted cleverness of many of the local scenes. Here, as always perhaps, Mr. White has used too much colour. His snob has no cunning of snobbery, no subtle play of mere knavish force; he is the vulgarian *pur et simple*—the bungling, clumsy scoundrel who is swept onward to a shadow of fame and position by circumstances beyond his control, and not by any contriving which is for a moment ingenious. It is true that his marriage with Lady Gertrude, Righton's sister, redeems him from the charge of absolute dullness, but such a fellow would not have been unfaithful to one who had the power to make or to ruin him, and these chapters which deal with his flirtations with a piquant American are unnecessary and unreal. In the end, the snob, who enters Parliament, is denounced and undone by local purists, and condemned to a worthy obscurity at Nice. It should be said that Mr. Percy White writes with a pleasant simplicity, and possesses a very fluent and graceful style. His prose reminds me of Marryat, in "Frank Mildmay"; and his book must find many admirers.—MAX PEMBERTON.

MR. LANG'S "ST. ANDREWS."

St. Andrews. By Andrew Lang; with Illustrations by T. Hodge. (London: Longmans.)—Mr. Lang's volume is another illustration of a versatility to which no limit seems assignable. St. Andrews has been called "Scottish history in stone," and Mr. Lang's volume sketches the history of Scotland as well as that of the town and of the University, of which he is an alumnus, and which he regards with filial affection. He has made the book almost as entertaining as one of his favourite fairy tales, in spite of the general gravity of its subject-matter. Some of the greatest names and most stirring events in the history of Scotland are associated with St. Andrews and its University. Between the arrival of the alleged relics of the patron saint of Scotland at the site of what became the flourishing town of St. Andrews and the foundation of its University, about 1470, nearly seven centuries elapsed. Mr. Lang begins at the beginning, and, dealing with the religious foundations of St. Andrews, sifts its early ecclesiastical legends with the acuteness to be expected from the author of "Custom and Myth," and gives many curious details of the primitive monastic life of Scotland. In his references to the War of Independence, he brings out very clearly the important part played by the then Bishop of St. Andrews as a very powerful ally of Robert the Bruce, whom he crowned at Scone. Rather more than a hundred and fifty years afterwards came the foundation of the University of St. Andrews, with which Mr. Lang has to take up a new thread. With the skill of an experienced artist he has interwoven the history of the University with that of the Scottish Reformation and of Scotland until 1688, when with the town it lapsed into decay. Mr. Lang blends hope with regret when he says, "The later conditions of life have told hardly against the oldest, most beautiful, and most academic of Scottish Universities, but we have a great past and we shall not despair of the future."

To what may be called the philosophy of Scottish history Mr. Lang contributes theories which he admits will not be popular with the majority of his countrymen, proud as most of them are of the achievements of Wallace, Bruce, and John Knox. He thinks that the War of Independence and the countless hostilities with England which followed it impoverished Scotland and threw back its civilisation. Yet it might be contended that centuries of struggle and hardship were also centuries of wholesome probation, and strengthened those qualities of perseverance and endurance which have made Scotchmen what they are all the world over. Mr. Lang also thinks that the success of Henry the Eighth's efforts to bring about a union, through marriage, of Scotland and England would have assimilated the Reformation in Scotland to that in England and prevented the impoverishment of the Scottish Church and Universities as well as averted the triumph of what he regards as an intolerant Presbyterianism. But here, again, it could be contended that but for the "intolerant" Presbyterianism of the Scotch they would not have taken arms against Charles I., and thus the policy of Strafford and Laud might have triumphed. But, whatever Mr. Lang's bias, he is scrupulously fair in his presentation of facts, and strenuously endeavours to be impartial in his estimates of character and conduct. The volume is full of picturesque and vigorous writing and brightened by many touches of Mr. Lang's humour, which is generally playful even when incisive. Mr. Hodge's illustrations of St. Andrews leave nothing to be desired.

FRANCIS ESPINASSE.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Edited by SIR WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart., and CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.—MR. ARTHUR HACKER.

Mr. Arthur Hacker's election to the Associateship has been only the tardy realisation of a distinction long deserved.



Photo by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Baker Street.
MR. ARTHUR HACKER.

for many years used to exhibit at the Royal Academy. He was born on the north side of London, and was trained by his father in the ways of drawing and painting, and in due course was entered as an Academy student. That he profited by the course of study he there went through cannot be doubted, but it would be very difficult for anyone to point to any side of his art which reflects in the least degree any of the teachers to whose guidance he was subjected. One thing, however, is very clear, and that is that Mr. Hacker's work did not meet with the approval of the Council to which it was submitted, for he left the Art Schools without carrying off any of those prizes which too frequently are the only distinctions drawn by the strivers after art eminence. Quitting England, Mr. Hacker went off to Paris, where he entered the atelier of Bonnat, then regarded as the most vigorous and incisive of French portrait-painters. He prolonged his stay in Paris for some time, but in 1878, if we are not mistaken, he appeared for the first time at the exhibition of the Royal Academy with a

For the last few years he has held, in the opinion of the public, a position which he had reached by steady work of the best kind in which imaginative power, the great defect of the English school, played an important part. Mr. Hacker is the son of an artist, who

displayed delicacy of fancy and nimbleness of thought. In these the influence of the modern Dutch school of Maris and Israels in his brighter moods was traceable. Mr. Hacker then turned his attention for a time to portrait-painting, and with such good results as to make us fear lest he should devote more of his time to this lucrative side of art to the neglect of its more attractive branches. The first work which revealed to the public his higher qualities was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, "Philammon and Hypatia in the Desert," which for colouring and treatment of flesh painting ranked among the most successful pictures of the year. From this time Mr. Hacker has been adding each year to his reputation, "By the Waters of Babylon" and "Vae Victis" being among the most noteworthy, and in 1889 he received at the Paris Salon a bronze medal in recognition of his merits. It was, however, his remarkable picture exhibited in 1891, "The Annunciation," which placed him in the first rank of the outsiders at Burlington House. From the reproduction of this picture some idea will be obtained of Mr. Hacker's method and work. The trustees of the Chantrey Bequest were lucky enough to secure it for the nation; and those who wish to appreciate Mr. Hacker's claim to the Associateship should renew their acquaintance with this charming rendering of an episode which has been treated by the poetic painters of all ages. In the same year he exhibited his "Syrinx," another gem, drawing his inspiration from classical mythology; and last year, going to the same source, in "The Sleep of the Gods," and especially in his "Circe," he showed that richness of colouring was as much within his grasp as delicacy of thought and treatment.

Another statue is to be erected in honour of the French painter J. F. Millet, whose effigy already embellishes one of the open spaces at Cherbourg. Artists and their friends will consequently hope that this harbour and place-of-arms is not so exposed to attack as some French pessimists have recently declared. The second statue of Millet is to be erected at Gréville, his birthplace, and, judging from the ease with which money is found for these monuments—presumably subscribed by those who bought the artist's works for a few francs and sold them for as many thousands—each step of Millet's career will be similarly marked. In view of the neglect to which he was subjected in life, and the hardships he endured, one may apply to him the lines—

In this the painter's fate is clearly shown:
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.

One more proof of the existence of the crimson thread of kinship is shown in the fact that from New York comes "A Standard Dictionary of the English Language," published by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls. The first handsome volume entirely fulfils the promise given on its title-page of being "upon original plans." Even the alphabetical divisions of the book are on a new system. The key-note of the Dictionary has been to record, not create, usage of the English language. In this design the editors and their distinguished staff have been singularly successful. The type is admirably selected to enable speedy consultation of the book, and the many illustrations are most excellent, especially the coloured plates, which are far in advance of those usually found in reference books. These volumes will prove fitting companions on the bookshelf to Dr. Murray's wonderful "New English Dictionary," which they resemble in the modern spirit which pervades their compilation. Instead of referring to Oliver Goldsmith for examples of the use of various words, this Dictionary often refers us to the modern Oliver in literature, yclept Holmes. And for the sense in which a particular word is employed the book quotes from Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World"—a good instance of how up-to-date its authorities are. In fact, to some students of the Dictionary these quotations will prove the most interesting part of it. In the case of the word "gyration," Dickens's description of Mr. Guppy serves as a precedent. Comparatively new arrivals in the English language like "boycott" find their place in these pages, and it would not be surprising if that ugly innovation, "struggle-for-lifer," or the famous phrase of "the living wage," were to appear in the next volume.



"THE ANNUNCIATION,"—BY ARTHUR HACKER.
Purchased by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest.

HAPPINESS AND THE POET.

"All his life long he had been learning how to be wretched, as one learns a foreign tongue; and now, with the lesson thoroughly at heart, he could with difficulty comprehend his little airy happiness. [He desired the prick of anguish] in order to assure himself, by that quality which he best knew to be real, that the garden . . . and Phæbe's smile were real likewise. Without this signet in his flesh he could have attributed no more substance to them than to the empty confusion of imaginary scenes with which he had fed his spirit, until even that poor sustenance was exhausted."—HAWTHORNE.

In a mortal garden they set the poet,
With mortal maiden and mortal child,
Mortal bees, and mortal blossoms,
All the sweets that the summer embosoms:
"He smiled in sorrow," they said, "now, lo! it
Must be he will laugh like a four-years' child!"
In a mortal garden they set the poet;
As a trapped bird breathed he wild.
He had smiled in sorrow: not now he smiled.
"It is not," he muttered, "the land of fire:
The roaring green of the flamed trees
Blows not wide in a windy pyre;
No grass hisses against the breeze;
Nor the light of the lily, the heat of the rose,
Comes and goes
With the fitful gust by the scintillant streams.
Be sad, my bosom—dreams, dreams, dreams!"
But into the garden, pacing slowly,
Came a lady with eyes inhuman,
There came a lady who was not woman,
And the sad, slow mouth of him smiled again.
"I know this lady with eyes unholy,
I know this lady that is not woman;
By her I know this garden real;
A child in a new house, shy and lowly,
I see my mother, and doubt turns vain.
Scarce I guessed were this dream in dreaming,
If ye were human or I were human,
Amid your blossoms which seem to be all
But a seeming within a seeming
To me who have walked in the soul's land solely,
To me whose garden had tears for rain;
To me who ken but the flowers ideal,
The asphodel and the changeless moly.
This lady I know, and she is real,
I know this lady, and she is Pain!"

FRANCIS THOMPSON.



"BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON,"—BY ARTHUR HACKER.
In the possession of J. Hudson, Esq., Nutfield.

small picture entitled "The Sage," to which was appended the couplet which, in the artist's case, was destined to be prophetic—

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.

For some years he was contented with *genre* work, on which he not only bestowed elaborate pains, but in which he often



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA: A CRITICAL MOMENT.

A REPLY TO DR. ANDREW WILSON.

BY ANDREW LANG.

It would be discourteous not to reply to Dr. Andrew Wilson's "Science Jottings" about myself. These appeared in *The Illustrated London News* for Jan. 13. It seems that I spoke elsewhere irreverently about "the cheap pamphleteer and popular lecturer on hallucinations," but I certainly had not Dr. Wilson or any other person in my mind. I did not even know that he had written or lectured on hallucinations, of the sane or of the insane. There was nothing personal to anybody in my thoughts. I was only rather tired of hearing, in connection with fantastic appearances, about Nicolai and Mrs. A. The cases of these frequently quoted people are interesting, but a little overdone. There are, in fact, hallucinations and hallucinations. With those of Nicolai and Mrs. A. I am only too well acquainted, and I am also acquainted (in the same way) with many hallucinations of a very different character. To take some simple examples: Nicolai, as he tells us, had been suffering a good deal of anxiety and trouble; he had also neglected to be bled, as he usually was, in the fearless fashion of our ancestors. He then began to see hallucinatory figures, one at first, then a few, then crowds. He was a sensible man, and knew that the figures were subjective. They disappeared under a course of treatment, leeches, medicine, and so forth. On the other hand, imagine that a gentleman—B, let us call him—is at work in his study in Ispahan, or in Kamtchatka. He sees a friend, C, enter the room, and he supposes that C has just arrived, for purposes of trade, from England. "Wait till I finish this note, old chap; take a cigarette," B says. He finishes his note; C is no longer on view! C died that day in England. Now "put case that" B never saw anything hallucinatory before, nor afterwards, but was in his usual health. Clearly his case is not identical with the case of Nicolai, for Nicolai was ill, anxious, troubled; he had neglected a sanitary, or insanitary habit, and he went on persistently seeing spectres in crowds. It is conceivable that the explanation in B's case is not "exactly that which applies to Nicolai's case," as Dr. Wilson seems to assert. B was not in the same physical conditions as Nicolai; he did not go on suffering like Nicolai, and an event corresponded, or coincided, with his hallucinations—a marked event, the death of his friend. There was, of course, no such thing in Nicolai's experience. I do not know, then, that I erred when I said "the great run of cases are so unlike Nicolai's," the great run, that is, of cases which interested me at the moment when I was writing. The question which concerns me is not about continuous, repeated, admittedly morbid hallucinations, but about the solitary unique hallucination of this, that, and the other sane and healthy man or woman. Some of these hallucinations correspond—as in the story of B—with a death or other crisis. Some—the majority, I believe—do not. The only question is, Are there more of these coincidences between a sane man's one hallucination and a distant event than the laws of chance allow for? I am not trying to answer that question on one side or the other; I am only saying that the question is *there*, and cannot be settled by anybody's mere assertion. Again, if statistics prove that more sane people see unique hallucinations of absent friends, at or about the time of these friends' deaths, than the laws of chance can account for, then we may surmise provisionally that there may be some connection of cause and effect between the death and the hallucination. It is purely a matter of facts and of evidence. There is nothing novel in this opinion of mine; I published it about twenty years ago in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," s.v. "Apparitions." I was already weary of Nicolai and tired of Mrs. A as repeatedly recurrent illustrations in books and lectures.

"We find an explanation of ghosts and spectres in projections from the brain's background on the eye's retina; which projections give us the impression of outside, natural, or objective sensations," says Dr. Wilson. Well, I presume that I knew that amount of popular science before. Dr. Wilson will find his theory very agreeably stated by the Rev. Mr. Frazer, minister of Tiree, in his essay on the second sight, published after Mr. Frazer's decease, in 1705. It is not a very novel explanation, this, nor one hidden from the simple. Tiree is hardly a literary or scientific centre, but they had the doctrine in Tiree, where it was used to explain the second sight by a Jacobite clergyman, Mr. Frazer. The only thing that I do not quite understand is why, in certain cases, the brain's background projects the aspect of a distant friend on the eye's retina once in a lifetime, and why, in a certain not insignificant percentage of cases, that projection coincides with the distant friend's death. Of course, Dr. Wilson may deny that it is so; may say that one's informants fable, or may say that the coincidence is fortuitous. The last is a question of statistics. As to one's informants, of course one knows, to a certain extent, whom one can trust. Granting the facts, the case of Nicolai will hardly cover them; if the facts are denied the discussion drops. I am not wholly unread in what has been written about the hallucinations of the sane and the insane. If much has been written to good purpose on such hallucinations as occur but once in a healthy life, or about such hallucinations as are experienced by several people collectively, then I have overlooked the treatises

where these matters are handled. If A, B, and C have the same hallucination, at the same time, in the same place, we have got beyond Nicolai and Mrs. A. That, at all events, is undeniable.

I do not know who Mrs. A was; I dislike her merely as the Athenians disliked Aristides. He was too frequently called "the Just," and Mrs. A. is too frequently trotted out by popular lecturers. However, Dr. Wilson says that she was an estimable person. Of course, it is not her fault, poor lady, that she has been quoted *ad nauseam*. I burn my faggot, I apologise to the shade of Mrs. A.

Dr. Wilson examines my little anecdotes about Sir David Brewster. I say he had theories of spectres, but that he bolted to bed at a great pace when he "thought he saw," or did see, the phantasm of the Rev. Mr. Lyon, of St. Andrews. On the metaphysical point, "saw," or "thought he saw," I cannot argue here. Metaphysics are not subjects for brief articles, nor for popular scientific lectures. But Dr. Wilson tells me that my evidence about Sir David is "hearsay," and that I "do not indicate its source." The source is Mrs. Gordon's "Life of Sir David Brewster," her own father. Is that good enough? "On one of these occasions" (one of the many when "the strangest and most unaccountable noises" frightened this man of science) "when the flight had been more than usually rapid, Sir David recounted having distinctly seen the form of the Rev. Charles Lyon . . . rising up pale and grey, like a marble bust."

This is from "Home Life of Sir David Brewster. By his Daughter, Mrs. Gordon. (p. 294.) Edinburgh, 1869." Sir David next day was uncommonly relieved to find that Mr. Lyon was not dead.

Dr. Wilson asks if I also "am among the seers and prophets"? Not I. I never fled from my study in my life because I saw a hallucinatory parson. I leave that to men of science, like Sir David Brewster. Mrs. A. does not seem to have stood him in good stead when the rats ran about in Old St. Leonard's. He declares—this sceptic—that, in his presence, "a table actually rose from the ground when no hand was upon it."—(Life, p. 257.) As a "seer" this amiable and learned man could give most of us points.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Some of the correspondents who write to Church newspapers cannot forgive Lord Willoughby for dropping into a Wesleyan chapel one Sunday evening during the election. The Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon says that there were to be seen "a Gladstonian candidate who was a thorough Churchman, and dared to defy the Liberationists, and a Conservative who called himself a Churchman, but committed schism to try and get a few Wesleyan votes. The one was a brave man; the conduct of the other is, to my mind, too contemptible to be described correctly." Another correspondent writes: "It is no doubt to be regretted that Lord Willoughby, acting, probably, under the advice of his agent, should have sought admittance into a schismatical place of worship on that terribly cold Sunday evening. Let not your correspondent, however, be too hard upon the poor young nobleman—"

Nor further seek his frailties to disclose, as it is probable that his Lordship thought he was only taking a leaf out of Mr. Gladstone's book, of whom we were told, with much circumstance, shortly before the General Election, that he was observed sitting under Dr. Parker at the City Temple."

The death is announced of Mrs. Austin, of Lynton, Hurstpierpoint, a sister of the late Cardinal Manning. She was within a few days of reaching the age of ninety-three, and was greatly respected for her strength of character, her charity, and her unshaken loyalty to the Church of her baptism.

There is an amusing story told by the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, that when Dr. Merivale preached in Ely Cathedral after he had been appointed to succeed the most active of Deans, Harvey Goodwin, he chose for his text "From henceforth let no man trouble me," and that he proceeded to make a personal application to himself. There is no doubt he was happiest as he sat, slightly reclining his head backwards, in his library chair, with his eyes upon a book held well before him.

Who was Mrs. Proudie? "Peter Lombard" declares that "she was not a Bishop's wife when 'Barchester Towers' was written." He knows who Mrs. Proudie was meant for, but he is not going to say. She outlived her husband, and he thinks she is still living. If she is, "Peter Lombard" is wise.

Bishop Hamilton Baynes has been very cordially received in Natal. He commenced his work by saying: "Let things go on just as they are for a time—say for a year. Don't ask for new conditions; do not reopen old questions at present till you see how things work."

Dean Green, Bishop Gray's old ally, has once more officiated in St. Peter's, Maritzburg.

The E. C. U. meeting at Birmingham separated without coming to any decision about the education question. Strong difference of opinion was manifested. It is complained that among the E. C. U. speakers there is just a little too much fondness for a talk. A strict time limit is suggested for speakers, care being taken that they confine themselves closely to the subject in hand.

Next May the jubilee of the Liberation Society will be celebrated; it was founded in 1844.

The scheme for Methodist Bishops supported by Dr. Rigg and Mr. Price Hughes is meeting with strong opposition, especially from the rank and file of Methodism.—V.

A NOOK IN FIFE.

Not the island of Juan Fernandez, but a quiet nook in the east of the kingdom of Fife—Lower Largo to wit. This was the birthplace of Alexander Selkirk, the hero of Defoe's famous romance, and this is where, dwelling in summer by Largo Bay, you may spend a lazy or an active holiday as your tastes and inclinations advise.

Cast your eye eastwards along the opposite coast, and you see North Berwick Law, an ancient volcanic cone, rearing its peak above that famous watering-place of these parts. Further east still, and standing out like "Paddy's milestone," Ailsa Craig, on the Clyde side of things, you see the Bass Rock, habitat of the Solan geese, that sit in its crevices, and make the basalt white with their avian crowd. Then, when your eye has taken in all that is beyond and before you, turn your glance along the coast eastwards from where you sit, and you see Kincaid Point with its terraced outlines, suggestive of the periodical rise of the land out of the sea. Over and beyond the Point lies fashionable Elie, itself a new and recent evolution from the more primitive state of things you meet with here in Crusoe Land. The old Scottish song of "The Boatie Rows" ("rows" being Scotch for "rocks" or "heaves") has immortalised Largo—if, indeed, the place was not made famous by the accident of a certain wild youth, Selkirk or Selcraig by name, who saw the light of day close by—

I cast my line in Largo Bay
And fishes I caught nine;
There's three to fry and three to boil,
And three to bait the line—

and so on, runs the familiar song. And Largo Bay itself is a picture which once seen on a bright summer day you will not easily forget. I have heard enthusiasts compare it to the Bay of Naples; and, in truth, there might be many a worse and more overdrawn comparison. But, like Naples or not, Largo Bay is a haven of rest and beauty you will not easily match, with its background of hill and wood. If you are a devotee of the "royal game," you have links which stretch all the way to Leven, and which in summer time are daily crowded with golfers of both sexes—though the ladies have links specially reserved for themselves. If you prefer a lazier holiday, you can catch fishes nine in Largo Bay, often in as many minutes—haddocks and flounders, and codlings and plaice, not to speak of gurnards grey and gurnards red, with now and then even an octopus as a rarity.

Of course, there is an Upper Largo which exists as an offset to Lower Largo, which last, by the sea, is the newer village. The upper village is still spoken of as the Kirkton, more properly the "Kirk town," because of the old parish church which keeps guard over the hamlet away from the bay. If you will cross the railway line, and direct your steps through a leafy glade known as the Serpentine Walk, you will come upon the main road nigh to the lodge of Largo House, whence an ascent lands you in Upper Largo itself. The village is one long street, and on a quiet summer day it lies bathed in sunshine and looks like some Rip Van Winkle of a hamlet which has been asleep for years. Away to the right stands the parish kirk, full six hundred years old or more; originally a Roman Catholic edifice, of course, but captured in Reformation times, I presume, and done up in 1817 to become the building you see, wherein an eloquent friend of mine discourses week by week and points the "primrose way of life" to the denizens of this Scottish "Sweet Auburn."

Up here, in the Kirkton, you can realise Sir Walter Scott's lines in "Marmion" to the life—

Yonder the hills of Fife you saw,
Here Preston Bay and Berwick Law,
And broad between them rolled
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float
Like emeralds chased in gold.

But Upper Largo has a fame of its own. The lower village may boast of Crusoe, while the Kirkton has its Sir Andrew Wood. The "Hospital"—a kind of almshouse—you can see lying modestly behind the houses of Upper Largo, was founded by a descendant of that famous Scottish Admiral, who, by the way, lived in a certain "Royal Residence" here, given to Sir Andrew by King Jamie the Third, from which castle the Admiral had a canal cut to the kirk, and sailed in a state barge to service every Sunday, rowed by certain of the old sea-dogs who had fought under his command.

Sir Andrew began life, it appears, as the traditional cabin-boy, and, like a Scottish Whittington, became a merchant-prince at the port of Leith over the way. There he seems to have "never been happy unless he was fechtin'," like the Scotch terrier dog; for we find him drubbing the Portugee, as well as the fleet of England, with which nation, of course, the Kingdom of Scotland was then (as usual) at war. He polished off any number of pirates, or, to be more polite, privateers; and then King Jamie knighted him, and set him in a high place in the noble Barony of Largo. In 1481, we read, Sir Andrew defended the town of Dumbarton against an English attack, and he transported his soldiers to Sauchie, where they fought for the King against the barons. So also, we read that Sir Andrew supported King Jamie's son, under whom further valiant feats of arms were duly accomplished. Thus, in 1489, Sir Andrew gave an English squadron a drubbing off Dunbar. It was a moonlight fight, and the English vessels were carried to Leith in triumph by the valiant sea-dog. There was another "fecht" in 1490, when Sir Stephen Bull was sent with a fleet to meet Sir Andrew. He did meet him on his way back to Fife, off the Isle of May. The fighting—"whilk was terrible to see," as the old chronicler has it—ended again in victory for the doughty knight of Largo. Sir Stephen Bull was captured and taken to Dundee, whence he was sent back to King Henry by James, with the polite message that the English King had no need to send his captains to Scotland on "sic errands." Before we leave Upper Largo let us remember that John Leslie, the mathematician, was born here in 1766. This, with Sir Andrew Wood's fame, is a reasonable set-off, I think, against Lower Largo and its Crusoe, of whom more, perchance, in a future paper.

A. W.

EARLY ITALIAN ART AT THE NEW GALLERY.

By the unflagging exertions of a specially competent committee, aided by an energetic honorary secretary, the New Gallery has been transformed into a Treasure House, in which has been brought together a remarkable collection of works illustrative of the state of the arts in Italy at the Revival of Letters. The period chosen, 1300 to 1550 A.D., corresponds with the most brilliant epoch of the Italian Republics and of the Papacy, when the aristocracy of wealth, birth, and position vied with each other in fostering art and protecting artists. Prior to the first date the traditions of the Byzantine craftsmen maintained their hold upon every branch of art except architecture; and by the end of the sixteenth century the equally fatal results of academic teaching were beginning to spread over the various schools of Italy. The most ancient work in the exhibition probably is the Super-Altar (303) of Oriental jasper, with the four elements symbolised as youthful virgins—once in the Abbey at Gubbio, but now belonging to St. George's Cathedral, Southwark. The most modern

Love" (36), to Dello Delli; and "The Virgin and Child" (43), to Bennozzo Gozzoli have little to sustain their claims beyond a certain general similarity of treatment with works ascribed to the same masters.

The West Gallery brings us to the precursors of Raphael. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries saw the rapid development of the Milanese and Florentine schools under the influences of Lionardo and Perugino, around whom were gathered groups of ardent disciples who varied, if they did not improve upon, their leaders' work. To them we owe such works as "The Marriage Feast of Peirithous" (91), and "The Fight between the Centaurs and Lapithæ" (97), attributed to Luca Signorelli, both works full of life and movement, and in strong contrast with the immobility of the painting of the previous generations. All the same, reposeful art had not been abandoned, as is shown in the "Holy Family" (108) ascribed to Botticelli, the "Virgin and Child" (113) to Filippo Lippi, and a similar subject (114) which is assigned to Lorenzo di Credi. Of the various works in this room bearing the names of Ghirlandaio, Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Pinturicchio and the like, some are obviously replicas of original works, and not always contemporary, while others bear evidence of

Foremost among these was the Italian metal-work in armour, bronze statues and statuettes, and plaquettes and medals. Milan, Brescia, and Florence are the principal centres of this art illustrated in the present exhibition. The papal and other finger-rings (327-340) exhibited by Mr. A. W. Franks, C.B., the bronze figures (345-375) lent by Mr. Pfungst, and two still more interesting series of bronze plaquettes (376-403) belonging to Mr. J. P. Heseltine are historically as well as artistically of the highest value. The pendants and other jewels (438-443), lent by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, in like manner point to the work either of a single artificer or of an art school of which the influence was widely acknowledged. There are at least half-a-dozen pieces attributed to Benvenuto Cellini himself, and possibly in the case of portrait-medals (910-1041) lent by Mr. Whitcombe Greene there may be many which show his inspiration besides the reverse of the portrait of Cardinal Bembo. From the same connoisseur's unrivalled collection comes a series of plaquettes, &c. (624-748), many of which are by such recognised cinque-centists as Giovanni della Corniole, Moderno, Il Riccio, and Giovanni Bernardi. These are grouped, as far as possible, under the names of their



LORD KILDARE AS CUPID.

Reproduced by permission of the Duchess of Leinster from Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

would be more difficult, and certainly more invidious to particularise. The committee have done their best to adhere strictly to the limits assigned; but the credulity of owners is not to be lightly regarded; especially when experts themselves are unable to agree. On one point, however, there will be very general consent—namely, that for beauty, authenticity, and artistic interest nothing can surpass the drawings by Raphael, Lionardo, Signorelli, and Michael Angelo, lent by her Majesty from the Windsor collection.

The actual number of painted pictures brought together from all sources is 266, and the committee have made a sort of rough attempt to separate them into three periods, arranged in three different rooms, grouping together, as far as possible, artists of the same period and of the same cities. For obvious reasons it has been found impossible to act up to this counsel of perfection, and consequently in the catalogue, on which much care and conscientious labour have been spent, the names of several artists appear often in two if not in all three rooms. The South Gallery, in which the numbers commence, is specially devoted to masters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but, with every desire to receive with becoming respect these vestiges of the Primitives, we confess that they will be "caviare to the general" and probably only appreciated by those who dispute their claims to authenticity. Such works as the "Crucifixion" (21) attributed to Duccio; "The Triumph of

so much repainting and restoration that it would be difficult to decide how much of the artist's original scheme remains. One of the most curious and at the same time interesting pictures is the portrait of a lady (164) by Botticelli, lent by the Misses Cohen. It has another picture on the back of the panel, representing an angel holding in her left hand an armillary sphere. The picture is placed on a pedestal, so that both sides can be equally seen.

In the North Room the masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries show the enormous progress towards realism the Renaissance of Literature had led public feeling to make. The humanly beautiful replaces the ideal asceticism which formerly dominated the whole range of religious art; and as we pass from one canvas to another we are impressed by the predominance of the new influence even in those whose lives were removed far from the hum of men. Among such works may be classed—and at the same time admired—the "Virgin and Child" (175), by Marco d'Oggionno; the "St. Catharine of Alexandria" (183), by Luini; a portrait of a young man (185), by Ambrogio de Piedri; a very striking Magdalen (195), ascribed to Andrea Solario (but more probably by Giampetrino, a closer adherent to the style of their common master, Luini); a St. Jerome (201), by Bazzi; a "Nativity" (212) and a "Holy Family" (214), by Andrea del Sarto. These are only a few of the noteworthy works on the walls, and there were other arts besides the pictorial by which Italy won its prestige.

artists, and thus offer a guide to those who may wish to study the differences which exist in the work of the Florentine, Paduan, and Bolognese schools.

No exhibition of Italian art would be complete without a display of majolica, and the committee have obtained from Mr. George Salting a few choice specimens of the various manufactures of Gubbio, Castel-Durante, and Faenza, which were either the result or the cause of the great art industry established at Urbino, whither were attracted a large number of painters to whom the decoration of pottery became as important as painting on canvas. Time and space alike fail to do justice to the ivories, cameos, wood-carvings, and rock-crystals, of which there is an adequate show. Of still higher interest, however, are the illuminated manuscripts, religious as well as secular, the Breviary of Monte Cassino (1331), the Rime of Petrarch (1321), and "The Exposition of the Law" (in Hebrew) by the Rabbi Moses Harman. Each manuscript has some special note which distinguishes its decoration, and consequently each deserves special notice, and several hours might be agreeably spent in passing from one to another. The printed books—many of them the first editions which ever issued from a printing-press—are also of great interest, the majority being from the Earl of Crawford's unrivalled collection; and Mr. Alfred Morrison contributes a collection of autographs written by or addressed to eminent persons belonging to the period covered by the exhibition.



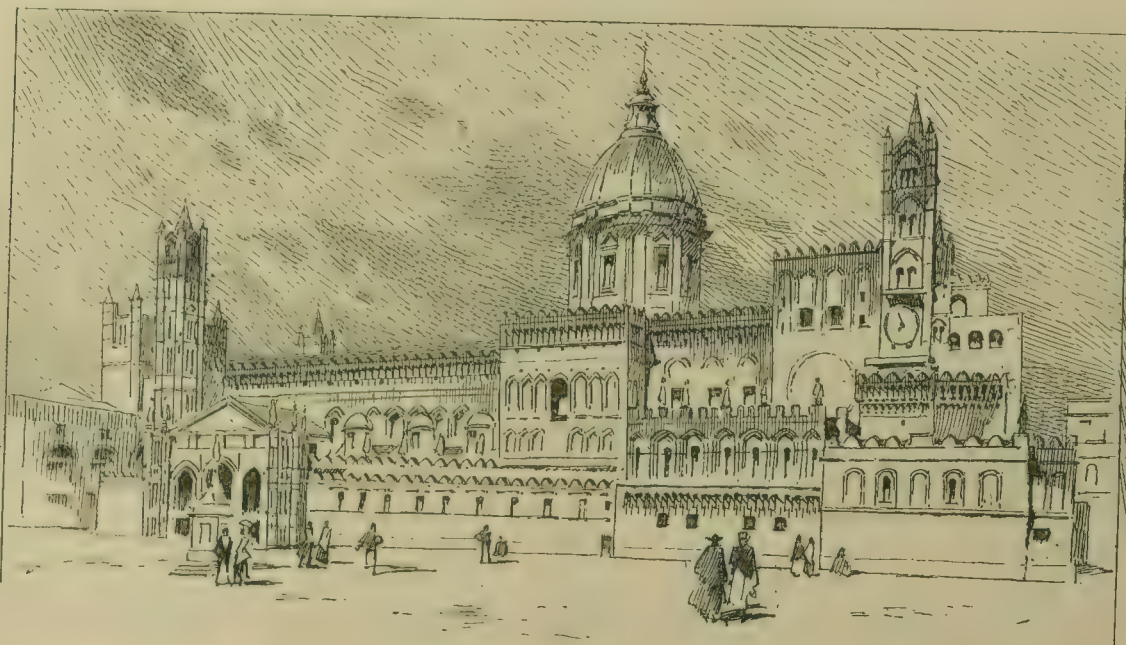
GOING TO FETCH WATER.



A SICILIAN CART.



A FISHERMAN.



THE CATHEDRAL OF PALERMO.



AN EGG-SELLER.



A POTTERY MERCHANT.



A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE.



A MONK.



Hand Tringham

OUR FUTURE KINGS: THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF YORK AT SANDRINGHAM.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has sent me a reprint of his *Contemporary Review* article, entitled "A Rejoinder to Professor Weismann." This article brings the great-controversy regarding the cause of animal variation up to date. My readers already know the state of affairs biological. Dr. Weismann's views are founded on the idea that characters acquired by parents cannot be transmitted to offspring. Mr. Spencer and the Lamarckians allege that acquired characters may be so transmitted, and that at least one cause of the variation of living nature is to be found in the effects of environment and surroundings upon living forms. What strikes one forcibly in the arguments of those who out-Darwin Darwin in their contention that "natural selection" is the one and only cause of variation (and is, therefore, the starting-point of new species) is the large drafts they are compelled to make on possibilities. Even Dr. Weismann, as quoted by Mr. Spencer, seems to realise the difficulty of his position when he asserts the all-sufficiency of natural selection; for he says "that it is really very difficult to imagine this process of natural selection in its details," and he italicises these words to emphasise their importance. If a process is so very difficult to imagine, we who think with Mr. Spencer cannot be blamed for seeking causes in phenomena we can more readily appreciate, observe, and understand. Such phenomena, we contend, are to be found in the influence exerted by the surroundings of living beings and in the effects of altered surroundings or allied conditions on animals and plants, affecting them directly, and through them the progeny which continue and perpetuate their races.

I cordially commend Mr. Spencer's pamphlet (published by Williams and Norgate) to the notice of all readers interested in the biological problems of the day. It really contains a masterly summary, such as we expect from Mr. Spencer's pen, of the latest phases of the controversy regarding at least one of the causes of the changes which life everywhere exhibits. There is a discussion in Mr. Spencer's article on the cause of the progressive degeneration of the little toe in man, which alone is worth perusal and study, by way of showing how cleverly he turns the tables on Dr. Weismann. The latter holds that the toe has degenerated through "pamixia," a condition in which the action of natural selection is presumed to be suspended. Mr. Spencer, on the other hand, lucidly points out that the little toe has ceased to be of use for climbing purposes, and has also not come into particular use in walking or in running. Developing man threw the stress of his body in walking on the inner sides of his feet, and does this to-day, especially when walking fast. As the big toes have come more and more prominently into the field of action, the little toes have correspondingly dwindled. The story of the little toes' degeneration is, in plain language, a tale of use and disuse. Here, as in so many other points in the argument, we get a simple, feasible, and rational explanation at hand, in place of soaring into the clouds of hypothesis with Dr. Weismann, or of adopting ideas which, in his own words, are "really very difficult to imagine."

By the way, I observe that in the course of a lecture on "The Rise of the Mammalia in North America," Professor H. S. Osborn discussed at the close of his discourse the factors of evolution. Speaking of the development of the mammalia as possessing a capacity of similar development under certain stimuli, Dr. Osborn says that the point is not yet decided whether the reaction (towards variation) is "spontaneous in the germ or inherited from the parent." I incline," he adds, "to the latter opinion." We are, therefore, not alone on this side of the Atlantic in believing that parental influence has a decided effect in determining the future of a race.

I have received the twenty-third bulletin of the Hatch Experiment Station of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, dealing with the electro-culture of plants. Experiments were made on various plants—peas, turnips, radishes, onions, tomatoes, &c.—to determine the influence exercised on their growth by the electric current. The results of the experiments are given as follows: When subjected to electrical influences, some varieties of seeds germinate more quickly, and certain plants blossom sooner. Then, secondly, certain vegetables enlarge their roots, and others their tops under electrical stimulation. Plants standing near the electrodes develop a larger growth of roots and foliage. Tomatoes ripen sooner. And, finally, the vegetables experimented upon were not at all injured by a current of 39 amperes with a voltage of 53, but were rather stimulated in growth.

The report goes on to assert that "growing vegetables by electricity can hardly be considered practical." Apart from the initial cost of electrical plant apparatus, it is held that the increase in crops "would scarcely pay for the trouble and outlay." This conclusion, be it noted, is an entirely mercantile and financial one, and in no way invalidates the fact that electricity influences, in a certain degree, plant-growth and plant-development. Further research is needed to show the exact effects of continuous electrical influences on plant-life. I fancy, in the main, the American results I have detailed confirm the experiments made long ago on plant-growth and electricity (with, I think, special reference to the electric light and its influence on vegetation) by Siemens and others.

An American physician, writing from Bethel, Conn., reminds me that in cases of lightning-stroke it is a common (and successful) mode of treatment to dig a hole in the earth, in which the nude body of the patient is placed and covered up to the chin with the freshly dug soil. He himself has seen excellent results follow this mode of treatment, which is analogous to that I mentioned of placing a man, half-suffocated by choke-damp, mouth downwards over a hole dug in the earth. I am still waiting for some ingenious correspondent of a scientific turn of mind to suggest an explanation of this "cure." A dog in New York (according to the *New York Herald* of Dec. 14 last) struck by an electric current was treated by the earth-system and recovered.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G RANCH (Constantinople).—We always allow for the distance of our correspondents, and are pleased to acknowledge your solution.

W PERCY HIND.—The position is perfectly legal; but the idea has been so often used that it is now scarcely available in an original problem.

C BURNETT.—It is quite impossible for us to do as you suggest. Your problem was well received, and made the subject of congratulation from several correspondents.

W T CHURCH.—We are sorry your card arrived too late for use, as the match would be over before our notice could appear. We must always have word the Thursday week previous to publication.

W HAMPTON.—Thanks for game.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2592 received from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 2595 from Rev G T Carpenter; of No. 2596 from H C Chancellor (Cophthorne), R Clarke (Sligo), Victorino Aoz y del Frago, T Shakespear (South Yardley), E E H, C M A B, Captain J A Challice, and Admiral Brandreth.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2597 received from T Roberts, J J J (Frampton), J Cond, L Desanges, Admiral Brandreth, W R Raillem, A Newman, W P Hind, R H Brooks, J S Wesley (Exeter), J D Tucker (Leeds), Joseph Wilcock (Chester), Martin F, L, Beirant, J Ross (Whitley), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), F Cassell, W R B (Plymouth), G Joicey, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Alpha, Ubique, W Wright, H C Chancellor, Shadforth, R Worters (Canterbury), M Burke, Sorrento, Edward J Sharpe, A J Haggood (Haslar), H S Brandreth, G S M (Portobello), E Loudon, F H Little, H B Hurford, and C E Perugini.

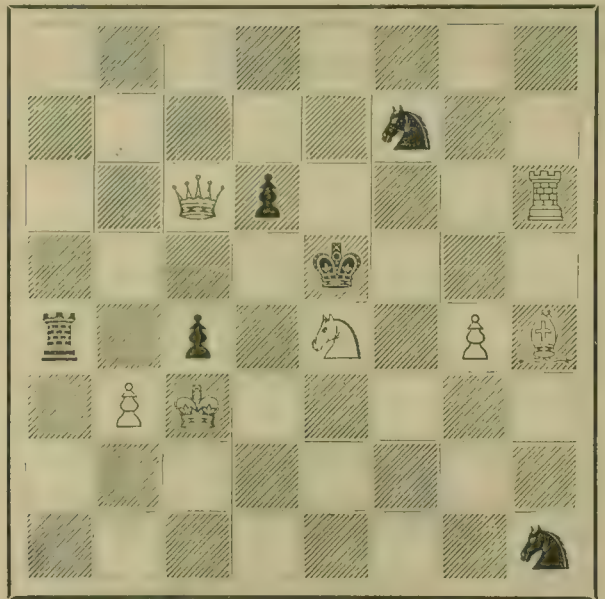
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2596.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE.
1. Q to Kt 4th
2. Kt to Q 7th (ch)
3. Kt to Kt 4th, Mate.

BLACK.
K takes P
K to Q 4th

If Black play 1. B to K 3rd; 2. Q to B 3rd (ch); and if 1. Kt to B 5th, then 2. P takes Kt (ch), K takes P; 3. Kt to Q 7th, Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2599.
By the Rev. A. W. S. A. Row.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS AT HASTINGS.
Consultation game between Mr. GUNSBURG and Dr. BALLINGHALL v. Mr. H. E. BIRD and the Rev. H. CHAPMAN. Score from the *Daily News*. (Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (G. and B.). BLACK (B. and C.).

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to K B 4th P takes P
4. Kt to B 3rd B to K 2nd
5. B to B 4th B to R 5th (ch)
6. K to B sq P to Q 3rd
7. P to Q 4th B to Kt 5th
8. B takes P B takes Kt
9. P takes B B to B 3rd
10. B to K 3rd K Kt to K 2nd
11. K to K 2nd Q to Q 2nd
12. Q to K Kt sq P to K Kt 3rd
13. R to Q sq B to Kt 2nd
14. K to Q 2nd R to K B sq

Scarcely good enough for a first-rate consultation game. But the Pawn must be guarded preparatory to Castling Q R. Black also threatens P to K B 4th. It was clearly unsound to Castle K R.

15. K to B sq P to Q R 3rd
16. P to K R 4th P to K R 4th
17. P to B 4th B to K R 3rd
18. P to Q 5th Kt to Q Kt 4th
19. B to Q 3rd P to Q Kt 4th
20. P to K B 6th

This fine move has far-reaching consequences. White has now the more comfortable game, and Black's King must remain in his present position.

CHESS IN LONDON.
Game played between Messrs. F. ANGER and W. S. FAZAN. (Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. A.). BLACK (Mr. F.).

1. P to K 4th P to K B 4th
2. P to Q 3rd

To this fantastic move, P to B 4th, White should reply P takes P.

3. P takes P P takes P
4. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q 3rd
5. B to K 2nd B takes Kt
6. B takes B Kt to K B 3rd

It is pretty clear that Kt to Q B 3rd was the better play.

7. P to K 5th Kt to Kt sq
8. B takes P Kt to Q 2nd
9. B takes R

At move 7 White takes prompt advantage of Black's error; but he misses a fine move, which is P to K 6th. If Black reply Kt to K 4th, the answer is Q to B 5th (ch) followed by Q takes Kt, and the fatal B to B 6th (ch).

10. Castles Kt takes P
11. Kt to B 5th Kt to K B 3rd
12. B to Kt 5th Kt to K 5th
13. Kt takes Kt Q takes Kt
14. R to K sq Q to K B 4th
15. B to R 4th P to K R 4th

A most remarkable ending now begins.

16. B to Kt 3rd Kt to Kt 5th
17. P to K B 3rd Q to B 4th (ch)
18. K to R sq P to R 5th
19. P takes Kt P takes B
20. P to K R 3rd Q to B 7th

A splendid finishing stroke, threatening R takes P (ch), followed by P to Kt 7th (ch) and mate; and the reply, a very disagreeable one for White, is not very obvious. The fortunes of war receive ample illustration in this game.

21. R takes P (ch) B takes R
22. Q to Kt sq Black wins

The New York Masters' Tournament, in which most of the leading American players competed, resulted in a brilliant victory for Mr. Pillsbury, a young Bostonian, whose recent performances against Walbrodt, Steinitz, and others indicated the advent of a new genius. His play throughout was of the highest class, combining sound defence with an originality of style that only Lasker has rivalled in recent years. We gave two of his games in our last issue, where he appears both as first and second player in the same opening.

The ever-enterprising Metropolitan Club arranged, on the 11th inst., a match on a large scale with a combination of the Cyprus and Spread Eagle Clubs. The teams were thirty a side, and the result was: Metropolitan Chess Club, twenty-nine wins; Combined Clubs, twenty wins.

In a match between the Corinthian and Forest Gate Chess Clubs, played on the 17th inst., the former was victorious with a score of eight to seven. The winners, however, scored two of their points by the absence of their opponents.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Social life is the poorer by the death of Georgiana, Lady Wolverton, whose philanthropy was as active, as widespread, and as unceasing as it was wise. One of her achievements—was a convalescent home for postmen; another was a school for orphans. That with which her name will be most associated in remembrance, however, is the Needlework Guild, an original and remarkably successful form of charity that is now known all over the country, though it is only twelve years ago that the scheme was born in the brain of the good lady who has just passed away. Though a great many of my readers will doubtless be members of the guild, yet many may not know of it, and it is worth telling about.

Lady Wolverton found the clothing of the children of her orphanage somewhat of a difficulty. It was perceived there, as we all find it in our homes, that ready-made underclothing, though sold so very cheaply that it is marvellous how it can be produced, is by no means as lasting as that which is made up in the domestic circle. The good lady, who was so delicate that almost all her time was spent on a couch, used to work for the children herself, both by sewing and knitting. But, as far more than she could do was needed, she bethought her of asking some of her private friends each to make her one or two garments. This request was heartily responded to in her own circle. It is a fact, curious as it appears to some of us that it should be so, that there are women who positively love doing needlework. I once wrote in the *Lady's Pictorial* precisely what I myself feel about needlework—how it irritates my nerves, and how great a waste of time and power it seems to me to spend oneself on something so distressing to the doer and of so little value when done—referring, of course, not to plain but to fancy needlework. In support of the supposition that needlework is distressing to the doer, I quoted poor Mary Lamb, who went mad first from sitting too long at her needle, and who declared that "it would prove an incalculable addition to general happiness and the domestic comfort of both sexes if needlework were never practised but for a remuneration in money"; and Harriet Martineau, who, though a good worker—one whose embroideries sold at high prices when given for charity—recorded her opinion that needlework as "a most injurious occupation unless great moderation is observed." But the publication of these ideas brought me a shoal of letters from ladies who protested that sewing is delightful to them, that it soothes their nerves and comforts their sorrows, and passes their time for hours at a stretch in an absolutely agreeable manner. I was bound to believe the accumulated testimony from women who, not being known to me personally, could have no object in misleading me about their feelings; though when women I knew had told me that they liked doing needlework I had dismissed it as a pure sacrifice of fact to tradition and conventional views of what was proper!

Well, Lady Wolverton was one of those who found comfort and distraction in the use of the needle; so she believed that "there are hundreds of women in England working aimlessly," who would be positively "glad to be provided with an object to work for"; and, as she found that her personal friends confirmed her impression in this respect, she proceeded to organise the Needlework Guild. She got the Duchess of Teck to be its patroness, and other ladies of influence to be local presidents—the Duchess of Albany is one, for instance. The members of the guild have to bind themselves merely to supply materials for and to make two garments in the year for charitable distribution. They make what garments they please, and of course do as much as they please, two being the minimum. The garments are sent at a fixed time to the ladies president, and by them and their small local committees grants are made to charitable institutions, hospitals, orphan asylums, benevolent visiting societies, and clergymen, through whose hands the garments reach the needy and naked. So rapidly and vastly has the work grown that there were more than forty thousand garments distributed just before the last Christmas that Lady Wolverton was ever to see. The work she has started will live after her, for Princess Mary and the Duchess of York are now as enthusiastic in its support as even the foundress herself. The Duchess of Teck spends hours every week sewing and knitting for the guild, and makes the White Lodge the receiving-place for garments for the Surrey branch.

There are charming specimens of modern dress in the new play at the Haymarket. Mrs. Tree has the leading part—the neurotic girl who is hypnotised by the Theosophist charlatan—and looks so pretty in each of her gowns that one hardly knows which is the best. The first is of white poul-de-soie with an edging of gold embroidery round the skirt and a gold belt holding in place a loose vest of white lace. The sleeves are the now universal "balloon-topped" ones, of white silk, with a fall of lace at the elbow drooping farther to the back than at the front of the arm. This is an afternoon tea-gown. The evening dress which succeeds is somewhat eccentric, but eminently becoming to its graceful, slender, girlish wearer; it is built of white crêpe de chine, and has two bands of bright green crêpe carried round the bodice, and a large rosette of the same at the left side of the décolletage, with ends of green depending thence to the bottom of the skirt. The sleeves are immensely full puffs of the white crêpe embroidered in silver spangles; and a flounce of silver embroidery finishes the train at the extreme back. A white muslin peignoir is succeeded by a dress of yellow silk, with the seams piped with black, and a small Swiss belt of black ribbon with long ends of black chiffon at the back; a white fichu relieves the effect at the throat. All the other dresses are excellent. Miss Lily Hanbury's tall and stately figure is clad in one act in a sweet silver-grey moiré antique; the sleeves are, of course, a balloon puff—for this is now universal—terminating in a pleating of lace, and a similar lace is prettily carried down the front. Miss Gertrude Kingston's prettiest dress has a skirt of pale heliotrope crêpe de chine, edged round with beaver; a band of dark violet ribbon falls down the side of the skirt, and there is a zouave of a similar dark violet colour in velvet, edged with sable, and opening over an embroidered vest with silver grelots down each side of it—altogether a most uncommon and beautiful gown.



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THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

A Synopsis of all the Appeals decided by the Judicial Committee (including Indian Appeals) from 1876 to 1891, with a Précis of all the Important Cases from the Supreme Court of Canada. By George Wheeler, Barrister-at-Law. (London: Stevens and Sons, Limited, 1893.)—This formidable synopsis of cases occupies 1100 pages; but we cannot accuse the author of making it unnecessarily long. The book owes its origin to the manuscript notes kept by Mr. Wheeler, who is an official in the Judicial Department of the Privy Council. The manuscript was always increasing, and eventually, after sixteen years, it has been put into print. To the lay reader, these short notes of decided cases, and even the very nature of the tribunal which decided them, are bewildering mysteries. But there is constitutional history, or food for reflection, or both, in these pages for all who seek them.

Until 1833 there had been no definite or fixed Court for trying appeals in cases which were beyond the jurisdiction of the House of Lords. Lord Campbell, who is so eagerly severe against Lord Brougham, admits that this Judicial Committee is one of the beneficial reforms introduced by his energetic predecessor on the woolsack.

The Judicial Committee is a body of eminent lawyers, mostly judges of great experience in other tribunals, who sit in a quiet room at the Privy Council Office as the "Judicial Committee," nominally, indeed, to advise the Crown, but really to decide for good both English ecclesiastical cases on appeal and other appeals in civil, and, in some rare instances, in criminal cases also, from India and the Courts of all the Colonies (excepting some Canadian cases). This Committee also practically checks and controls the conduct of judges in these inferior courts.

No book could more effectually illustrate than does this digest the immense extent of the British Empire, and the varieties of laws and customs which prevail there, and the varying forms of legal justice which it is the duty of our judges to administer. From territories many of them very vast, and including populations to be counted by millions, from the Northern Atlantic and from the Southern Pacific, from the Bay of Bengal and from the Gulf of Mexico, from the banks of the St. Lawrence and of the Niger, from Cyprus and the heart of Africa, from Christian shrines at home and from idol shrines abroad, litigants come to that obscure, almost unknown chamber at Whitehall.

The very names of the fortunate, or unfortunate, litigants indicate the variety which this book affords us. The eye falls upon the name of that unlucky suitor (so much like a well-known character in one of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's later novels), Mathura Dass, who was haled from India to Whitehall, lost here a case which he had won in Bengal, and had to pay the cost of the appeal. Such names, too, as Toolshi Pershad Singh, Ram Narain Singh, Bhubaneswaria Debi, Nilkomul Lahiri, and many more, transport us by force to India's coral strand. Sometimes, however, these names deceive us. Mr. O'Shanassy, who appealed, and

won his case, did not seek justice for Ireland, but for Victoria, and there are apparently many litigious persons there. Can this, by-the-way, have unconsciously influenced Dr. Pearson, who has returned from Australia with such a poor opinion of democracy?

Going from the names to the cases themselves, although they must all have been of importance to the parties, and although it is plain that the Judicial Committee corrected much injustice, it is sometimes difficult not to be amused by the curious points raised in Colonial and Indian law. There is, it is true, the quite English-looking case of the Connecticut Life Insurance Company v. Moore, which involved the law of Canada. Moore was killed by a blow from a bolt, and his representatives sued on his life policy. But the doctors had discovered that a piece of Moore's skull was missing. Thus encouraged, the insurance company refused to pay, on the ground that the dead man had never disclosed the fact that he must have had a serious illness, and so lost this part of his head. "Not at all," said Moore's successor. "He was born without that bone." The question, therefore, was whether the deceased had a piece of his skull removed by an operation, or whether there was a congenital malformation of the bone. The Judicial Committee—which decides the law but leaves facts to other people—discreetly declined to interfere.

But other cases have a strong foreign flavour. Albs, chasubles, and crucifixes have often perplexed English judges; but they must have been even more sorely tried over questions as to property "dedicated to idols," and as to Mohammedan rites and sects. In 1891, for example, while we were all engaged with the newest plays and latest novels, or preparing for the General Election, this Committee had serious work in hand, for it had to decide upon the right to carry on, in a Mohammedan mosque, a certain form of worship. Complaints were made that the word "Amen" was spoken loudly instead of in a low tone; also, that the ceremonial gesture called "Rafadain," which consisted of raising the hands to the ears, at a particular point of the service, was practised. This case occupies more than five pages even in Mr. Wheeler's summary. It deals with complicated ritual, and distinguishes and decides between Hanifis, Sunnis, and Amil-bil-Hadis and other sects and sub-sects of Mohammedans. In some cases, where the appeals are in the English law reports, we have checked Mr. Wheeler's "Synopsis" and found it correct. To the rare and fortunate lawyers who practise before this court it will be a useful book; and, as we have tried to show, it can be of interest even to the layman.

The White Star Royal Mail steamer Britannic and her sister ship the Germanic have each completed 200 round voyages between Liverpool and New York, 400 passages across the Atlantic, accomplishing in each case one and a half million statute miles; they have carried 100,000 saloon and 260,000 steerage passengers.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 3, 1883), with a codicil (dated Dec. 21, 1887), of Mr. Arthur Marshall, formerly of Leeds, and late of Hallsteads, Penrith, Cumberland, who died on Dec. 8, at 13, Belsize Avenue, was proved on Jan. 15 by John Marshall, the nephew, and Stephen Edward Spring-Rice, the great-nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £131,000. The testator gives all his undivided share and interest in certain messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments at Headingley and Holbeck, in the parish of Leeds, and at Shrewsbury, and elsewhere in the county of Salop, and in the steam-engines and fixtures therein, to his nephews John Marshall and Stephen Albert Marshall; £10,000 each to his nephews and nieces, George Hibbert Marshall, Edwyn Frank Temple, Herbert John Marshall, Julian Marshall, Florence Ashton Marshall, Katherine Alice Sumner-Gibson, and Janet Mary Joy; £5000 each to his great-nieces Agnes, Margaret, Evelyn Mary, and Georgiana Ellen, the four daughters of his late niece, the Hon. Elizabeth Margaret Spring-Rice; £5000 to the said Stephen Edward Spring-Rice; and his books, paintings, plate, furniture, and indoor and outdoor effects at Hallsteads to his nephew, Walter James Marshall. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to the children of his late niece, the said Hon. Elizabeth Margaret Spring-Rice, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1893), with a codicil (dated Sept. 26 following), of Mr. Horatio Moulton, J.P., of Kingston House, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Jan. 16 by Mrs. Charlotte Moore Moulton, the widow, Henry Merrick, and Corbet John Coventry, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £99,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the trustees of the Bradford-on-Avon Old Men's Almshouses, to be invested; £1000 and all his furniture and effects to his wife; £250 each to his other executors; £30,000, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for the children of their marriage (if any) as she shall appoint; £5000, upon trust, for his niece Katie Rule and her children; £5000, upon trust, for his niece Clara Rendall and her children; £5000, upon trust, for Mrs. Justina Kunhardt, the widow of his late nephew Major Harry Kunhardt, and her children by his said nephew; £5000, upon trust, for Faith Popham and Erskine Popham; £2000 to his sister Mrs. Kate Denham; £8000 to his nephews Mangles Denham, Annesley Denham, Harold Denham, and Llewellyn Denham; and legacies to other of his nephews and nieces. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated July 12, 1892) of Mr. Edward Thornton, C.B., formerly of the Bengal Civil Service, late of 61, Warwick Square, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on Jan. 10 by Edward Parry Thornton and Alfred Horace Thornton, the sons, and William Francis Courthorpe, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £96,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to his executor,

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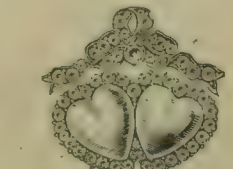
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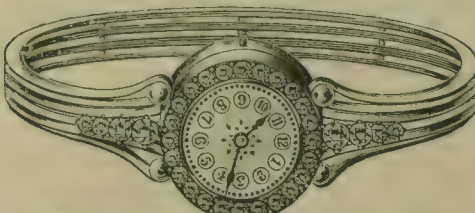


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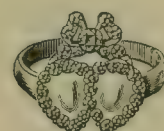
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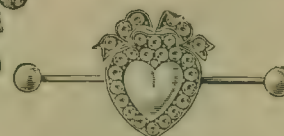
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2	SCOTLAND.
3	MIDDLESEX, KENT, and SURREY.
4	NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, and YORKSHIRE.
5	CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, LANCASHIRE, and ISLE OF MAN.
6	WALES, CHESHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, SHROPSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, and HEREFORDSHIRE.
7	NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, RUTLANDSHIRE, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, and OXFORDSHIRE.
8	ESSEX, HERTFORDSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, SUSSEX, HAMPSHIRE, WILTSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, SOMERSETSHIRE, DORSETSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, CORNWALL, ISLE OF WIGHT, and CHANNEL ISLANDS.

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The next 300 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 3s. 6d.

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* The Bicycles are the Celebrated Helical (Spiral) Tube Premier Cycles (Highest Award Chicago 1893), manufactured by the Premier Cycle Co., Ltd., of Coventry and London, fitted with Dunlop 1894 Pneumatic Tyres, Salsbury's "Invincible" Lamp, Lamplugh's 405 Saddle, Harrison's Gong, Tool Valise, Pump, &c.

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- I. The Competitions will Close the last day of each month. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.
- II. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employes of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, and their families, are debarred from competing.
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Value of Prizes given each month in each district.			Total Value of Prizes in all the 8 districts during 1894.		
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84	0	0	8064	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
52	10	0	5040	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
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FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club.

"May 12, 1890.

"We have now had your Universal Embrocation in constant use for over three years, and it has, without exception, given entire satisfaction to all who have used it.—Yours faithfully,"

"JAMES BLACK."

BRONCHITIS.

Mrs. Jessie Keene, 46, St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater, W., writes:

"Jan. 27, 1893.

"I have much pleasure in telling you that I have used your Embrocation—not in my stables, as I have none, but in my nursery—for ten years; and if mothers only knew the value of it in cases of bronchitis and sore throats they would never be without a bottle of it in the house."

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From A. F. Gardiner, Esq. (A.A.A., L.A.C., Spartan Harriers' Official Handicapper).

"44, Cawley Road, South Hackney, N.E.
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"I have great pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of Elliman's Embrocation. I have used it for many years past for Sprains, and it has always afforded me great relief. After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

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Mr. H. Kricheldorf, Calbe A/S, Germany, writes:

"It gives me great pleasure in testifying to the excellency of the Embrocation. I have used it amongst my assistants for Rheumatism and Bruises, and recommend it to all my friends."

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A Blackheath Harrier writes:

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"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

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The Tufnell Park Hon. Secretary writes:

"I can testify to the excellence of your Embrocation, and its great popularity, not only for colds and sprains, but as a capital restorer of the system, after either a punishing race or a hard game of football."



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Mr. Courthorpe; £2000, upon trust, for his late wife's niece, Mary Louisa Chicheley Plowden; and legacies to servants. The residue of his estate he gives to his six children, Eliza Adelaide, Edward Parry, Richard Chicheley, Robert Milnes, Frederick Bexley, and Alfred Horace, equally.

The will (dated June 2, 1892) of Major Walter Boyd, of 123, Pall Mall, who died on Dec. 7, was proved on Jan. 10 by Richard Pelham Warren and Nathaniel Tertius Lawrence, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £71,000. The testator gives considerable legacies to his brothers, sisters, nephew, niece, executors, and others; and all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate to his nephew, Walter Colquhoun Boyd.

The will (dated Jan. 29, 1892) of Mr. Jabez Bunting Farrar, of Heatherstone, Halifax, Yorkshire, machinemaker and worsted-spinner, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Jan. 3 by Mrs. Martha Farrar, the widow, and Joseph Farrar, Edmund Farrar, Charles Farrar, Lewis Farrar, and Arthur Farrar, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testator bequeaths £150 to his wife; his household furniture and effects and £200 per annum to his wife for life; and £250, upon trust, for the widow and daughter of his late son Joshua. The residue of his estate is to be divided into fifteen equal parts; and two of such parts he gives to each of his said five sons, and one part each to his five daughters, Martha Jane, Ellen, Annie, Edith Alice, and Lucy Emma.

The will (dated April 5, 1887), with three codicils (dated March 19, 1889, and July 20 and Dec. 11, 1891), of Mr. Samuel Bawtree, J.P., late of Hastingwood House, Harlow, Essex, who died on Nov. 16, was proved on Dec. 30 by Roger Campbell Lyall, the nephew, and Frank Postle Bawtree, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator gives large legacies to his wife, nephews, nieces, sisters-in-law, and others. Hastingwood House and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew, Roger Campbell Lyall.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1874), with two codicils (dated Nov. 28, 1888, and Nov. 29, 1893), of Mr. Thomas Boulton, of 21, Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 16, was proved on Jan. 6 by Thomas Sismey, Charles Payne Paine, and George Herbert Sismey, the grandson, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the two children of his late daughter Sarah Chivers. As to the residue of his personal estate he leaves one sixth each to his son Thomas and his daughter Ellen; and one sixth each, upon trust, for his daughters Ann Eliza Cutcliffe, Mary Ann Sismey, Eliza Ross, and Louisa Paine, and their respective husbands and children.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1889) of Miss Ann Bagwill Cuming, of 63, Kennington Park Road, who died on Dec. 12, was proved on Jan. 10 by Henry Syer Cuming, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal

estate exceeding £20,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 Stock to the National Benevolent Institution founded by the late Peter Herve in 1812; £1000 Stock to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, instituted July 31, 1854; and other legacies. The residue of her property she gives to her brother, Henry Syer Cuming.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1891), with two codicils (dated Oct. 19 and Nov. 2, 1892), of Mr. William Fletcher, of 13, Holly Road, Turnham Green, who died on Nov. 24, was proved on Jan. 2 by Edward Jennings and Daniel Jennings, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5162. The testator bequeaths £100 to the West London Hospital, Hammersmith Road; £50 each to the British and Foreign Tract Society, Paternoster Row, the Royal National Life-boat Institution, the Mission to Seamen (Buckingham Street, Strand), the Field Lane Refuge (Vine Street, Clerkenwell), the Kingsdown Orphanage (Upper Holloway), and the Rowland Hill Memorial Almshouses for the Widows of General Postmen; £20 to the London City Mission; and many other legacies. The residue of his estate and effects is to be equally divided between eight of the legatees mentioned in the will and the Commissioners for the time being for the reduction of the National Debt towards the reduction of the said debt, and the survivors of them.

The will of Mr. Edmund Lowe, of Grove House, Wimborne Minster, Dorset, who died on Nov. 29, has been proved by Charles John Woodford and Harry Lee, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6620.

The will of General the Hon. Sir Henry Ramsay, C.B., K.C.S.I., of 4, Lunham Road, Upper Norwood, who died on Dec. 16, was proved on Jan. 15 by Colonel John Birney, R.E., one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £500.

The will of Mr. Samuel Mansfield, C.S.I., late of 23, Hanover Square, who died on Dec. 13, was proved on Jan. 6 by Lord Sandhurst, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £291.

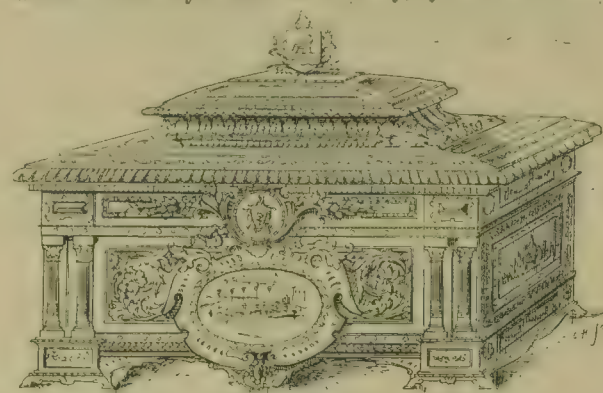
With reference to the will of Mr. Eneas Mackintosh, a summary of which appeared in our columns last week, we may add that the testator confirms the marriage settlement of his daughter Mrs. Grant, by which £10,000 is settled upon her, and she is to receive during the life of his wife £200 per annum; and that the Balnispick estate (subject to a charge of £2800 in favour of his son William Lachlan) is only given to his said son after the cesser of the life interest given to his (testator's) wife.

The next literary examination of Militia subalterns will be held by the Civil Service Commissioners in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh on April 17 and following days.

The exports from Canada in the six months ending December last were 77,504,390 dols., an increase of three millions and a quarter. The imports amounted to 60,894,032 dols., an increase of half a million.

SIR G. TREVELYAN AND GLASGOW.

The Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., M.P. for the Bridgetown division of the City of Glasgow, and Secretary of State for Scotland, was presented on Jan. 17 with the honorary freedom of that city, by the Lord Provost



GOLD CASKET PRESENTED BY THE GLASGOW CORPORATION TO SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN.

and Corporation of Glasgow. The certificate of this complimentary act was enclosed in a gold casket, especially designed and manufactured for the occasion by Messrs. Robert and William Sorley, jewellers and silversmiths, of Buchanan Street and Argyle Street, Glasgow.

The Earl of Chichester has given permission to the Sussex Archaeological Society to excavate the arched galleries and chambers lately discovered beneath the castle at Hastings, supposed to communicate with the keep.

Of the smaller capital cities of Europe no one has more interesting historical associations, especially for English visitors, than the Hague, which in the seventeenth century was the abode of many of our eminent countrymen and where preparations were made for the Revolution of 1688, narrated by Lord Macaulay. Few towns have a more agreeable suburban neighbourhood; the beautiful woods, called the Bosch, and the lively seaside watering-place of Scheveningen, not two miles distant, afford the easiest and pleasantest retreat in summer afternoons. Picture galleries of the choicest Dutch works of fine art, with the study of local antiquities, furnish profitable mental occupation. We notice with much approval an instructive book just published, the "Gravenhage," by Mynheer Gram, which is presented, at a very low price, as a gift for the New Year, to the readers of the leading Amsterdam daily newspaper, *Het Nieuws van den Dag*. It contains the most complete descriptive account, written in an unaffected and agreeable style, of every feature in the aspects of the Dutch capital, its social life and manners, with numerous fine illustrations. For the benefit of foreigners unversed in the language, it ought to be translated into French.

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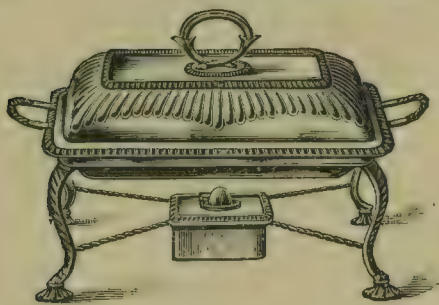
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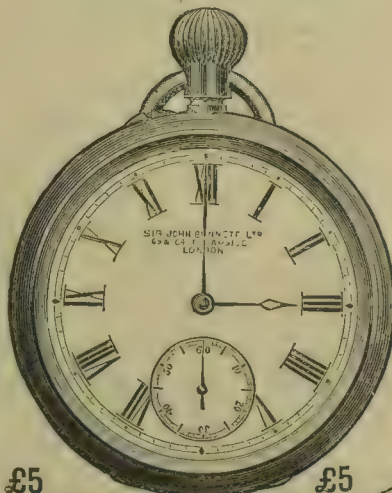
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NEW MUSIC.

Very useful is Edgar Haddock's "Practical Violin School," published by Forsyth Brothers. Selection 1, No. 1, contains the rudiments of music and first lessons in violin-playing, which are carefully described and illustrated. It is dedicated to Madame Norman-Néruda (Lady Hallé), whose portrait faces the title-page. "The Silent Land" is a song, attractive as it is unoriginal, by Nicolai P. Thamsen. A "Berceuse and Scherzo" (excerpts from Horton Allison's well-written pianoforte concerto) and a "Mazurka in B minor," by H. Whitehead, deserve a word of praise. An ingeniously written book is "A plain and easy Introduction to Music; or, The new 'Morley,'" by Frederick Corder.

The music of Paterson and Sons is invariably noticeable for two things: it is generally better than the average, and it is always neatly and artistically got up. Both these qualities are contained in "Changeless love" (words by G. Hubi Newcombe) and "Sunshine" (words by H. C. Groser), charming songs by George Fred Horan. "The Request," by Dorothea M. Ogilvie and Alfred Stella, is also nice, while amateurs seeking for a quaint, taking ditty will certainly like Clementine Ward's "Fickle Maid." "Clover leaves," a set of ten trios for female voices, by Alfred Moffat, are thoughtfully written.

A song entitled "The silvery night" first attracts our attention in glancing through Edward Willis and Co.'s packet. It is by Armando Seppilli, the talented young Italian musician who carried off the fourth prize in the recent Souzogné competition for opera. The song is elegant and effective, and has a sympathetic refrain, which should immediately win favour. The poetic words are by

Clifton Bingham. "Love's fairyland" is a taking song by Cotsford Dick. We also like very much Mary Augusta Salmon's "Enchanted bird," which has a telling melody and effective accompaniment. "The good old time," by W. C. Levey, has an irresistible "go" about it, while perfect contrasts to this song will be found in "Angel whispers," a soft lullaby (with violin ad lib.), by Bradwyn Bradwyn and Alfred Rawlings. And "At the foot of the Cross," a good religious vocal piece (with chorus and organ ad lib.), by R. Howley and Odoardo Barri.

From C. Jefferys and Son we have a vivacious *morceau caractéristique* for piano by Seymour Smith, and among other excellent pieces for the same instrument, Erik Decken's "Rally in G," and Emile Prospère's "Danse Mauresque" should be liked. "Once in the Starlight," a song by Clifton Bingham and Franz Morgen is more striking for its tunefulness than its originality.

A number of good vocal pieces reach us from B. Mocatta and Co. "A Message from Heaven" has semi-sacred words by G. Hubi Newcombe, and the music includes ad lib. parts for violin and organ by L. Denza. "The Chimes of Home" by Stanhope Gray and Lindsay Lennox has a waltz refrain. "Hope," by Clifton Bingham and Tito Mattei, is a nice song of religious character. "Cupid's fountain," by J. Victor Hawthorne and Haydn Grover, is conventional but attractive. "The two beggars" is a clever comic duet for tenor and baritone, or bass, by A. Valdemar and H. Lane Wilson. "The Sultan," a brilliant fantasia on Turkish airs, is a posthumous piece by Michael Watson.

To pianists who are not far advanced we can recommend Franz Morgen's eleven "Souvenirs of Europe," which are

published separately by C. Sheard and Co., also various "pianoforte works by modern masters," and Theo. Bonheur's tripping "Dance of the butterflies." The songs from this firm include a good baritone ballad by Harrison Brockbank, entitled "The baronet bold"; another baritone song of very telling quality by the clever artist Franco Novaro (words by Arthur Chapman), entitled "Yawning"; "Dimples," a pretty song by Edward Oxenford and George Fred Horan; "Father Paul," by Spencer Henry and Edmund Rogers; "A Knotty Point," by Nemo and Henry Pontet; and "Wit and Wine," by Philip Dayson and E. M. Chesham.

Among other music received for review there are only a few pieces worthy of praise, but we may mention "Beautiful May," a song by D. Morley and Henry Morley, R.A.M. (published by the composer); the "Royal Wedding," a march, by Lucy Johnson (Mathias and Strickland); a couple of taking songs entitled "Just as of old" and "Song of the summer wind," composed respectively by Sydney Shaw and Kent Sutton (Wilcocks Brothers); "The Fairy Mirror," an excellent cantata for ladies voices by Henry Coward, Mus. Bac., Oxon. (J. Curwen and Sons); a good "Classical Pianoforte Tutor," by Edwin M. Lott, Mus. Doc. (Edwin Ashdown); "The Lord shall comfort Zion," a well-written recitative and air, by Jean Charles (Novello, Ewer and Co.); and a well-compiled "Complete Method," for mandoline, by Giuseppe Bellenghi (G. Ricordi and Co.). Robert Cocks and Co. have sent us the vocal score of "Gabriella," the powerful little "lyric drama" in one act which Emilio Pizzi composed for Madame Adelina Patti. The excellent English version is by Mowbray Marras.



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OBITUARY.

SIR ROBERT BURNETT, BART.

Sir Robert Burnett, Bart., of Leys, Kincardineshire, died on Jan. 15. The baronetcy to which Sir Robert succeeded in 1876 was created on April 21, 1626, and granted to Thomas Burnett of Leys, a Covenanter and patron of letters, to whom three bursaries in the University of Aberdeen owe their endowments. The late baronet, who was born in 1833, was son of Sir James Horn Burnett, lieutenant and sheriff principal of Kincardineshire. He married, in 1864, Matilda Josephine, daughter of Mr. James Murphy, of New York, and had but one child, a son, James Lauderdale, who died young. His brother, the present baronet, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Thomas Burnett, late R.H.A., born in 1840, married, in 1875, Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. James Cumine, of Rattray, in the county of Aberdeen, and has an eldest son and heir, James Lauderdale Gilbert.



SIR HENRY DES-VOEUX, BART.

Sir Henry Dalrymple Des-Voeux, Bart. of Indiville, Queen's County, died on Jan. 21. His grandfather, Sir Charles Des-Voeux, held several high offices in the Government of India, and was for his services created a baronet of Ireland in 1787. Sir Henry was born in 1824, and succeeded to the title on the death of his kinsman, the fourth baronet, in 1872. He married, in 1863, Lady Alice Egerton, youngest daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Wilton, and leaves issue two daughters and co-heiresses. As his next brother, Lieutenant Charles Frederick Des-Voeux, lost his life in the expedition of Sir John Franklin, he is succeeded in the baronetcy by his third brother, now Sir Charles Champagné Des-Voeux, born in 1827, who married, in 1853, Kate, daughter of Mr. T. W. Richardson, of Clifton, in the county of Gloucester, and has issue a son and heir, Captain Frederick Henry Arthur Des-Voeux, 6th Dragoon Guards.



VISCOUNT SOMERTON.

Charles George Welbore Ellis Agar, Viscount Somerton, on Jan. 17, at Woodyates, Cranborne, Dorset. He was eldest son and heir of the Earl of Normanton, and was born April 27, 1858. At one time he was a lieutenant in the 7th Hussars. As he was not married, his brother, the Hon. Sidney James Agar, born April 9, 1865, becomes heir to the earldom.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Very Rev. William John Butler, D.D., Dean of Lincoln, at the Deanery, on Jan. 14. He was ordained in 1841, and in 1846 appointed to the vicarage of Wantage. Dr. Butler became Dean of Lincoln in 1885.

Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, of Woodborough Hall, Notts, on Jan. 12. He was brother of Sir T. G. A. Parkyns, Bart., of Ruddington Manor. Mr. Mansfield Parkyns was born in 1824, and married, in 1854, the Hon. Emma Louisa, daughter of Richard, first Lord Westbury, by whom he leaves issue.

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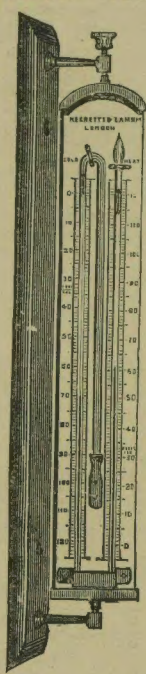
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